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WEEKLY TOLEDO BLADE

MR. LOCKE'S GERMAN LETTERS

See Fourth Number on Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

A BRIDE'S LETTER.

DEAR Helen, you will be surprised
To get a note so soon
—the first
Bridal edition, unrevised—
And scribbled at my very worst.

I've but a pencil, as you see,
A leaf from Harry's diary torn,
And then I'm writing on my knee,
And feel a little bit forlorn.

We're on the train still. I'm alone;
Harry is in the smoking car
These last two hours. 'Tis time's my own;
But, Helen dear, how strange men are!

Three days ago—time quickly flies—
And yet it somehow seems like years
Since all the kisses and good-byes,
And all the trembling hopes and fears.

Of course he likes to smoke; but then
You always used to say, you know,
Women were different from men.
Ah, yes, indeed! I find it so.

Most of my dreams seem disarranged;
Of course I'm happy; only life
Looks so different now—the world is changed—
I can't believe I'm Harry's wife.

And yet I know I am, for here,
(What day thorns one's wreath may marry)
I'm sitting quite alone, my dear,
And he—is in the smoking car.

—*Judge.*

MY PRETTY TYPEWRITER.

F. H. CURTISS.

My office of late has seemed brighter,
More cheerful by far than it was;
It may be the pretty typewriter
Who sits near my desk is the cause.

A radiant, dashing young creature;
In typewriting circles a belle;
Although I'm unable to teach her
To punctuate rightly, or spell.

Her mouth like a half-opened rose is,
Her hair rivals gold in its hue,
Tip-tilted her dear little nose is,
Her eyes are a heavenly blue.

I really should feel lost without her;
For while there's no need to be alarm,
There's something attractive about her,
A thrilling, intangible charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful,
With errors they thickly are strewed;
I scold her, and she becomes tearful,
And thinks I am awfully rude.

She breaks into silvery laughter
As soon as forgiven, and I've
Rewritten no end of them after
She's gone—she leaves promptly at five.

My wife, who is somewhat suspicious,
Dropped in to my office to-day,
And found—well, I thought it judicious
To send my typewriter away.

I really shall feel lost without her,
For while I intended no harm,
My wife noticed something about her
That filled her dear soul with alarm.

DAINTY BUT DANGEROUS.

Her enchanting little boot
From beneath her jaunty suit
Ventured out.
That she knew its witching charm,
Without meaning any harm,
Who could doubt?

So I wooed the charming maid,
First unchanted, as I said,
By her boot,
Now, alas! I'm well aware
Boots and tempers seldom are
Built to suit.

For our friendship ripened fast,
And before a year was past
We were wed.
Now both boots and other things
Recklessly she often slings
At my head.

Somerville Journal.

Our Story Teller.

IRENE.

THREE fair-haired maidens sat together, eagerly discussing a subject, which, from appearances, was of intense interest to all. One leaned eagerly forward, as if in fear of losing a word of the conversation; another was speaking rapidly, while a smile lighted up her face and broke through her happy speech; but the third, while evidently as much interested as either of the others, sat back in her easy-chair, her dainty foot resting upon the polished fender before the grate, and her eyes gazing half dreamily into the glowing embers.

A pretty picture these three daughters of Judge Charmon formed, as they sat in their sitting-room, just before retiring.

"But, my dear Irene," cried Madge, "why are you so quiet? You do not appear to be happy. I am sure there is every reason to be proud of such an offer."

Irene still kept her eyes bent upon the fire.

"Yes," she replied, speaking slowly, weighing each word, "I ought to find it an honor, I know. I ought to think what an honorable man he is, and what a kind husband he would make, but"—her voice seemed to be as far away as her thoughts—"but I do not."

"And why not, dear?" tenderly said Clara, the oldest of the three. "Do you not love him? In that case there is no reason why you should for a moment be troubled with the subject. He may be everything that could be desired, still, if you do not love him, Irene, nothing in the world should make you marry him."

"I don't know," replied Irene. "I have hardly given myself time to think about him in that light. It was all so sudden. We had just returned from a drive. I was sitting in the hammock and he in a chair beside me. We had been talking of nothing in particular, when suddenly he said: 'Miss Charmon, we are good friends, are we not?' The question was so strange that I was amused at it, but I answered: 'Yes, I hope so.' Then he arose and stood before me, and said: 'I should hate to break that friendship through any act of mine. If I speak in error, I fear I may do so. You are young, beautiful, and accomplished, accustomed to having men pay you homage. Perhaps in your kind treatment of me, you have but generously given me the happiness of performing the same service, but in doing this I have gone further; perhaps I have allowed my heart to lead my thoughts in a direction they should not take; perhaps in my passion I have mistaken little deeds of kindness from you, and imagined that some deeper sentiment prompted the action. Be that as it may, I can no longer conceal my heart. I love you!'"

"Oh!" uttered Madge, with deep feeling. "And what answer did you make, dear?" asked Clara, tenderly.

"I don't remember that—indeed, I don't remember anything I said, it was all so sudden, and he looked so handsome and tender. All I know is that in a moment he was at my side, kissing my hands in a most ardent fashion."

Another "Oh!" escaped Madge.

"But you really must have given him some encouragement, Irene."

"Yes, I supposed I did," she replied, with another distant look into the grate.

"But you do not love him?"

"Perhaps."

"What was your answer?"

"I asked him to wait, and he said forever, so long as he once had hope."

This was too much for Madge.

"Oh!" she cried. "If you do not marry him, I will myself! He is too lovely for anything."

Soon after, the three girls retired for the night.

How many thoughts crowded through Irene's pretty head, thoughts which had little to do with the man who had this evening offered and asked for the greatest gifts in human power to grant. No, she was thinking of one who, long ago, had been very dear to her. They had been children together. The families of each had been wealthy, and they were happy in their young love. Suddenly his people lost all, through the reverses of fortune. Gradually their intimacy had ceased. It was with a heavy heart that he had yielded to what he deemed his duty. He was no longer an eligible suitor for the hand of the youngest daughter of Judge Cameron. There were many others who had wealth, and who could offer her a home equal to the one she would leave, while he could offer her nothing save a loving heart. No, he would not do her the injustice to take her from her happy home, where every luxury surrounded her.

No words of love had ever crossed their lips. They had been satisfied to be together, and had never spoken of that deeper passion. How often he had afterward wondered if she had really cared for him, or whether it was but a childish friendship. This was long ago, fully four years; she was but a child at the time, but the germs of love had been sown, a deeper love than she had supposed. He had gone away.

At first she wrote to him, but gradually his replies had ceased, until the correspondence stopped. It was two years since she had heard from him; she did not even know where he was. Gradually his image had faded from her heart, not dead, but dimmed by time, till she only recollected him with a sort of hazy recollection of a time when she had been very happy. Never had the remembrance been brought so distinctly to her as when Charles Reynolds this evening asked her for her heart. Then a sudden flood of tender recollections dimmed her thoughts; she hesitated, faltered in her speech, and he, mistaking her embarrassment for consent, had rapturously clasped her hands in his and poured forth his tender thoughts; and now that it was all over, that she had compromised herself to the extent of allowing him to believe she cared for him, her thoughts returned to the time when she had unwittingly yielded her heart to another. Never before had she known the truth, never before had she realized how dearly she had loved. And he, where was he now? Had he forgotten her?

Long she lay awake. Long she thought of the absent love, but finally sleep overtook her heavy eyelids and she slept.

The next morning when the girls went down to breakfast, Judge Charmon sat at the table reading the morning paper. Suddenly he spoke:

"Why, girls, here is an accident to an old friend of ours."

"An accident? To whom?" inquired Clara

Judge Charmon read the article:—

Portsmouth, A Sad Accident. At 3:30 yesterday afternoon a carriage containing a young girl, dashed madly up Main street. The horses had become frightened at a passing vehicle and were unmanageable. Several policemen and pedestrians tried in vain to stop the runaway. As the horses neared 6th street a young man rushed into the street before the crazed animals. Almost before the breathless spectators could utter an exclamation of terror they were upon him. He grasped them by the bridle, but they threw him from his feet. He clung bravely on, dragging along the pavement. Suddenly, to the horror of the beholders, he fell below the horses' feet, and the carriage passed over his body. The team was finally stopped without further accident. A crowd soon gathered around the courageous young man, and he was carried into a neighboring drug store, but life was almost extinct, and before a doctor arrived he had breathed his last. The horse had stepped upon his neck and the carriage crushed his body. The tragedy is particularly sad, since the unfortunate young man was a most promising one, having raised himself from want to his present position of responsibility. His name was Clarence Harper.

As Judge Charmon read the name a choking sound escaped Irene, and her head sank as Clara rushed to her.

"Dear Irene!"

She could say no more. She knew that Irene and Clarence had been very dear friends, but she did not know that it was his image which Irene had carried in her heart for so long.

"How terrible! Poor Clarence!" exclaimed the sympathetic Madge.

Irene raised her head. No tears fell from those sad eyes; her face was ashy white. She gazed vacantly before her.

"Come, dear," entreated Clara, "drink a little coffee; you will feel better. It was very sad and so sudden. He was such a good boy!"

The girls ate their breakfast in silence. When the meal was ended they withdrew to their rooms.

Half an hour afterward Clara heard a knock at her door. She opened it, and Irene entered. She was dressed in black, and her beautiful face was colorless. In her hand she held a packet of letters, these she held out to Clara.

"Read these, Clara," she said in a dreary tone, "they will explain themselves."

She laid the package down and left the room.

An hour later Clara entered Irene's room and found her reclining on her bed. She kissed her tenderly.

"My poor, dear, little sister," she cried, "how you have suffered! So noble, so brave! Ah, how happy you might have been!"

She clasped her arms about the girl, and for the first time Irene wept. Her tears, so long restrained, burst forth in torrents. Finally her sobs ceased; she raised her tear-stained face to Clara.

"I loved him, Clara!"

"I know you did, my dear, and he loved you."

"Yes, I think he did; but why did he not write me?"

"He felt he would be doing wrong to do so when he became poor."

"As though I cared whether he had money! It is all over now—he is gone! I have put on this dress just for to-day. For one day his memory shall be held sacred."

That evening Charles Reynolds called. Irene pleaded illness and did not see him.

Time, that healer of all griefs, flew on. Six months afterward the engagement of Charles Reynolds and Irene Charmon was announced. They were married, and all the world wished them well.

Two years passed happily, and a child was born to them. Irene called him Clarence, in memory of him who, when she had once loved, was taken from about this time that Mr. Reynolds was taken ill and died. His wife mourned him deeply, for he had been a good, true and loving husband. A year afterward she received a pressing request from an aunt, living at a distance, to spend a few months with her.

She took her baby boy and started on her journey. It was a beautiful day. Nature seemed to have put on her brightest raiment to bring sunshine to her troubled heart. She pressed the child to her breast, and, for the first time in many days, felt the weight of sadness lifted from her. How often she thought of that moment in after years.

She was received with open arms. Upon every side she saw the marks of loving tenderness. After tea they sat beneath the far reaching elm tree on the grassy lawn, and watched her boy—such a pretty child. He was now two years old. He had already made the acquaintance of the large house-dog, and was leading him proudly around.

The next morning brought letters from home. Clara and Madge would arrive in a week's time. What a family reunion, and how happy they would all be!

Each day brought new color to Irene's face, and each moment more peace to her heart. At last the day came for her sisters' arrival. They were all at the station to meet the travelers. Irene clung to her sisters as if in fear of losing them. Proudly little Clarence marched along with the rest. He was just beginning to prattle so as to be understood, and the lavish display of admiration pleased him greatly.

That evening Irene's aunt announced the arrival of a stranger.

"Such a nice gentleman! Rather quiet, but such a pleasant person. We met him quite by accident last summer. He writes me that he is visiting friends across the lake, and may drop in on us at any moment."

"Ah, that will be jolly," cried Madge. "Men are always acceptable."

"You must be careful never to ask any questions which would cause him to try to remember any event which has transpired. He met with a severe accident several years ago, and since then he has never been able to think of any past event without the greatest anguish. He says it is not a painful feeling, only a chaotic blank from which he can draw nothing."

"How sorrowful!" exclaimed Clara.

"But you will find him an excellent companion, nevertheless."

Irene had been playing with Clarence, and paid little attention to what was said of the stranger.

The next morning passed rapidly away, but no stranger appeared. It was 4 o'clock and Irene was sitting alone in the little summer house overlooking the beautiful lake. Clara had just left her for a book, and Madge volunteered to amuse Clarence. Suddenly she was aroused from her revery by the sound of her child's voice:

"Me don't know you, but me ain't afraid."

She heard a low laugh that made her heart stop beating. That voice! Who was it Clarence was talking to?

She heard footsteps approaching, but dared not raise her eyes.

"See, mamma," cried Clarence, "see who me's got!"

Half fearfully she raised her eyes. The book fell to the ground; she clasped her hands to her heart; her lips refused to move. The stranger stared as his eyes met hers, removed his hat, and passed his hand across his forehead as if to think. The child looked first at one and then at the other.

"Mamma don't know him. He's nice man. Clarence like him."

The stranger gazed at the child.

"Clarence!" he gasped. Then his eyes sought hers. A gleam of consciousness beamed in his glance. "You are his mother." He shook his head disconsolately. "No, I cannot recollect."

Tears were streaming down Irene's eyes; she laid her hand upon his arm and spoke his name.

"Clarence!" she said, tenderly.

He started, held her from him a moment, then suddenly clasped her in his arms.

"'Tis she! 'Tis Irene! I can remember at last! That voice alone has recalled my absent recollection. Irene, my darling, mine!"

When Clara returned she found a stranger sitting beside Irene. Upon his knee was Clarence, and Irene's hand rested in his. Her face glowed with supreme happiness and her eyes beamed with love, while there still lingered tears within them. He was telling her how, after the accident, they had supposed him dead. He was removed to a hospital, and, upon recovery, had lost his reason. Slowly this had returned to him, but the past was a blank.

"But now," he said, leaning toward her, "now you have brought all back to me. You whom I have never ceased to love and pray for. You are free; what is your answer?"

She raised her eyes to his and in their depths he read her love for him. Her head was pillowed upon his breast and their lips met.

Clara re-entered the house. The sinking sun cast a shimmering gleam upon the golden lake as it sunk in peace to rest.—*Waverly.*

"THEM'S NOT MY SENTIMENTS."

The Remarkable Decision of a Pigheaded California Justice.

A remarkable trial has just occurred at Brownsville before Justice Sparks, in which Daniel Hess was charged with stealing water from a ditch, says the Sacramento *Record-Union*. The trial consumed six days and was listened to by a constant exchange of personalities on both sides. Justice Sparks said, in presenting the instructions of the defence to the jury:

"Gentlemen, them's my sentiments, and I want you to bring in a verdict accordingly, as they are the law."

Tossing the district attorney's instructions to the jury the justice contemptuously remarked:

"Them's not my sentiments; they're no good; but you can take them for what they are worth."

The jury, after a few moments' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty.

The justice stood aghast. "What!" he shouted, "you dare go agin my sentiments? The verdict is set aside and the prisoner discharged!"

This ends the case for the present, but further proceedings are expected.

An Olympian Disturbance.

Washington Evening Capital.

"What is the matter?" inquired Jove of Mercury, as the latter rushed into his presence.

"There's something wrong down below. I didn't stop to find out exactly what it is, but there is something decidedly out of joint."

"How do you know?"

"New York has let a week pass without making a bluff at building a monument to somebody."

Clothes Conversation.

"What's the trouble between you and George?" said Maude to Mamie. "Is everything over between you?"

"Yes; we have met for the last time."

"What was the objection to him?"

"He persisted in talking shop, and when he was talking of marriage referred to it as pressing his suit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Why, he's a merchant tailor."—*Washington Capital.*

A Resemblance.

"Why," said Mr. Litekash to his wife, as he read a newspaper description of one of her dresses worn at a reception the evening previous, "am I like Description?"

"You know very well that I detest conundrums," she said.

"Yes, but this is a good one."

"Well, what's the answer?"

"Here it is," and he showed her the sentence, "Mrs. Litekash's costume beggared description."—*Washington Capital.*

A White Elephant.

Wickwire—I thought I understood you to say that you had a strong dislike for Thompkins?

Yabsley—So I have.

Wickwire—And yet you presented him with a new silk hat.

Yabsley—Don't you worry about that. He only gets $10 a week salary, and it will keep him broke for six months to get a suit of clothes to match the hat.—*Terre Haute Express.*

He Popped.

Miss Ketchum—You know how fond I am of flowers, Mr. Slowcoach. Wont you do me a favor, and wear a certain kind the next time you call on me?

Slowcoach—Certainly, Miss Ketchum: what kind would you like to have me wear?

Miss Ketchum (slyly)—A poppy.—*Lawrence American.*

A Triumph of Art.

Lady Villiers—"Splendid! Magnificent!" Boskins (self-made man)—"I'm 'appy you admire 'em, Lady Villiers."

"Oh, yes; they're very fine! Very grand!"

"Does yer indyship mean the historical battle pictures or the sea landscapes?"

"Eh? Oh—oh—o!—I beg your pardon; I meant the frames!"—*Judy.*

They Go Together.

"Well," said the manager, moodily, "there aren't many people here, but I suppose we can stand it. No doubt it's to be expected with a tank drama with thrilling marine scenery."

"What is to be expected?" inquired the stage manager.

"A light house."—*Washington Capitol.*

An Unprotected Industry.

Harper's Bazar.

First Beggar—This is a fine government! Don't protect nobody!

Second Beggar—What's the matter now, Bill?

First Beggar—Why, hain't yer seen the bloomin' bad suggestion 'at's bin made to coin half-cents. Dat 'ud knock us right out.

Old, But True.

Buffalo Express.

"I have one little girl under my care," remarked a teacher, "whose dress I have pinned up every day this week. There isn't a button on the garment. Pins and patience alike became exhausted. 'Why doesn't your mother sew buttons on your dress, Mary?' I asked her. 'She hasn't time,' the child replied. Couldn't she do it last night?' 'No, ma'am; she had to go to prayer-meeting.'"

In the White Mountains.

Tourist—I had supper, lodging and breakfast. What's the damage, landlord?

Landlord (pleasantly)—How much cash have you?

Tourist (surprised)—About $3,500.

Landlord (reaching for it)—Well, that's near enough. Oh, no! you need not fee the porter.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue

by D. R. Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XII.

CALEB GOES ON CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER.

WE shall skim over the next year or so of Mr Mason's life, for the reason that there was very little in it worth giving space to. He had been patient and zealous in the work of building up his ambitious structure, and making it solid and strong. He had gathered about him friends upon whom he could depend without number, for he had made himself so useful to them that they could not turn from him. The Harvey influence he had not overestimated, nor had he miscalculated his ability to use it. He had made himself their center, and little by little had contrived to so place himself that they could not do without him.

His first venture was, as is the case with all young Western politicians, the state legislature. Of course he had a fight for it, for in the West, as in the East, no new young man is permitted a position without a fight. He began modestly, in the usual way. One morning, early in August, there appeared in the Pulaski *Clarion* a modest announcement like this:

"The name of Caleb Mason, Esq., will be presented to the Democratic convention, to be held on the 4th of August next, as a candidate for Representative to the General Assembly.

"MANY CITIZENS."

The "many citizens" were 'Squire Harvey, who wrote, paid for and inserted the announcement.

In the next issue appeared a call, signed by thirty of the "prominent citizens," asking him to permit the presentation of his name, to which he immediately replied that while he should much prefer to be left out of public life, and allowed to attend to the practice of his profession and the enjoyment of his home, still he owed a duty to his fellow citizens which he could not refuse to fulfil without feeling that he had acted in a manner unworthy of an American citizen. The trust was an important one, the duties of the position were onerous and exacting, and the sacrifice to him was great; but he was a citizen of Ohio and of Washington county, and he owed it to his friends and to the community in which he had been born, and among whom he hoped to die, to accept the responsibility, and make that sacrifice. He wished, from the bottom of his heart, that some man better adapted to the position could be elected; but if the unsought suffrages of his fellow-citizens, to whom he owed so much, were given him, he could do no less than to accept the trust and discharge the duties put upon him to the best of his ability. But he wanted it understood distinctly, that he should ask no man for his support; nor should he use any of the arts of the politician to secure the place. If he took it, it must come unsought. He would suggest, however, that in the case he should be elected, he should desire the united support of the citizens, irrespective of party, in what should be his principal work, viz: the development of the resources of the Northwest, by the construction of the Brobdignagian canal, a work which would bring Washington county into connection with the trade centers of the state, and add immensely to the value of landed property therein. To this measure he had devoted much study, and should do all that was in him to push it through the legislature. All of which was signed, "Respectfully, Caleb Mason."

That night the elder Harvey, Major Starkweather and Caleb Mason were in close conference in Mason's office. Be it known that the legislative district was composed of two counties, Washington and Madison, and that, as Madison had had its member two terms, by common usage is came this year to Washington. Consequently, whoever was presented by Washington county was certain of the nomination, provided he was presented unanimously. But if Washington should "split," as the phrase is, between two candidates, then Madison might, with propriety, and in strict accordance with party usage, step in and take the nomination.

Now there were three candidates from Washington—Major Starkweather, who, from lounging long at bars, had the support of the Rum interest, which was very strong in that county; Rev. Melchizedek Guttle, a Methodist circuit-rider, who was put forward by the religious element; and Elijah Pogram, a respectable farmer, who did not expect to be nominated, but who desired to be put in the way of the succession.

Starkweather, he of the bottle nose, was the only one of the three who had any strength. He had enough of a following to divide the county, even if he could not be nominated. The fiery cross of Roderick Dhu was not more effective in summoning his clansmen than was the equally fierce nose of Major Starkweather.

The three were in close conference.

"You do not want to go to the legislature?" said the politic Harvey.

"But I do," replied the major, drowning a fly in a Niagara of tobacco juice. "Indeed I do. I have been giving way to others for ten years, and this time I am bound to go in myself. I want the honor, and I want to be of some use to my fellow-citizens."

As he repeated the last words a perceptible sneer was visible upon his mottled face. And a look passed between Mason and Harvey.

"Major," said Harvey, looking the venerable militiaman composedly in the face, "now how much money—cash—will satisfy you to withdraw from the field, and throw your strength to Mason? Cash, mind."

The major thought a moment, but only a moment.

"I do want to go, and I believe I can go," he said, speaking very slowly, and with great deliberation, "for it's dooty I owe my fellow-citizens; but if Mason wants to go bad enough, and will do the dooty I feel a call to do for our fellow citizens, I should say that fifteen hundred dollars would be about the figure."

"Why, that's $750 more than you got of Slawson, for withdrawing six years ago," replied Harvey. "It's too much—it's extortion."

"It's a bigger deestrik now then it was then, and it takes more to keep the boys together. But I don't care to talk about it. I do really want to go this time; and what's more, I can go. I have the pins all set up to carry the county against all of you."

Mason remained silent for a moment. The sum named was at least twice what he had expected to pay; and, besides, he was not exactly sure of Major Starkweather. There were ugly legends of the old gentleman's selling out to two candidates. He was a tricky customer, and one who would bear watching.

"Major," he said, finally, "I will give you $1,500—$500 in hand, and $1,000 after the convention has voted to present me as their candidate."

"Do you doubt me?" growled the Major. "And then, d—n it, I don't agree that you shall be the candidate—I only agree to get out of the way myself."

"But I know very well that I can be nominated with your help, and if I trade at all, I propose to have your help. This is the post to which he was clinging. 'Are you or me bossin' his yere job? Go away—go away!' Now, let me ask, are you making this speech, or am I?"

A roar of laughter drowned the angry man's reply, and under its cover Mr. Mason proceeded.

"And what, let me ask, was the motive that impelled the pioneers to come hither, to brave, as I said, the perils and hardships of frontier life? It was the inspiration that fills the breast, the mind, the soul of every American-born man—liberty! liberty! The American takes in the love of liberty with his mother's milk; he breathes it in the air; it grows with his growth; it supports him through life with the glorious thought that life is worth having, and it consoles him in the dread hour of death with the sweet reflection that the world owes him nothing, that in looking death in the face he has at least had an equivalent in living. Liberty, my friends, liberty——"

"But what about the county-seat question?" demanded his old antagonist, reinforced by a dozen disinterested patriots who had flown into either in one place or the other.

"Liberty, union, the constitution—this trinity, my friends, constitute——"

"We've had enuf uv that," growled the old veteran. "We heer that every Fourth of Jooly and Washington's birth-day. Wat we want to know is about the county-seat question. Wich are you fur—Madisonville or Phœnixville? and we want an answer putty d—n quick. That's wat we want."

Mr. Mason saw that he was cornered, and that further dodging would not avail. He made a peculiar motion with his hand, and a boy quietly left the audience.

"My friend wants to know how I stand on the county-seat question, which unhappily divides this magnificent county. I am a resident of a neighboring county, where the question does not mar our peace, nor, by dividing our energies, prevent us from pressing forward to that goal which is the ultimate ambition of all American communities. Unvexed as we are by any disturbing influences, united as we are as one man, with eyes fixed upon the common flag of our glorious country, that emblem of freedom, that beacon-light to the oppressed of all nations, with but one thought, one purpose, the people of my county have before them a glorious future, a future, the brilliancy of which may be imagined, but cannot be described. Oh, my friends, to what may not a united country aspire? To what——"

"To what about the county-seat question?" demanded the unstable audience, now speaking by one man.

"I am coming to that, my friends," replied Mason, glancing uneasily toward the high road.

"As I was saying, I love our common country, and for it I would gladly——" (A gleam of satisfaction illumined the speaker's countenance as he saw a man struggling through the crowd.)—"I desire to be open and above board with my fellow-citizens, particularly those whose suffrages I expect to receive. In the Old World honor comes from the king; here, from the people. I shall seek to deserve the honor you give me, as the knight of old strove to not disgrace the honor given him when knighted. In the matter of the county-seat, I have to say that from the knowledge I have of the matter, I am unhesitatingly of the opinion that——"

The audience was breathless with expectation. In another moment it doubtless would have known whether Mr. Mason was for Madisonville or Phœnixville, had not the young man who was forcing himself through the crowd, made his way to the platform, and handed him a sealed note.

Hastily tearing it open, Mr. Mason exclaimed in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"My friends, some other of the able speakers present will address you on the issues of the day. I have received a note which has been sent express from my home, informing me that my wife has been seriously injured, and imploring me to return at once, if I would see her alive."

And tossing the letter to the chairman of the meeting, Mason, burying his face in his handkerchief, pushed through the crowd, and taking a seat in a light wagon, the horses to which were covered with foam, drove rapidly away in the direction of Pulaski.

The people of Madison did not, that day, learn the views of Mr. Mason as to the county-seat question, but they were very sorry for his misfortune. Possibly had they been present in Mason's office that night, their sorrow would have been somewhat lessened. For there sat Mason, the senior and junior Harveys, and Major Starkweather, who, supplied with money by Mason, had become one of his principal fugiemen.

"Simpson was on time with the note, was he?" chuckled Starkweather.

"Precisely on time," was Mason's answer. "The moment I gave little Oliver the wink he went through the crowd like an eel, and caught Simpson, who had been running the team up and down the road beyond the woods for an hour, to get the horses warm enough to make them look as though they had been driven from Pulaski in less than two hours. It worked well enough; but it won't do, and the factions are bound to be satisfied. I have got to commit myself, or I shall lose both. With Washington county and the strongest of Madison, I can be nominated anyhow, and elected, in spite of the others. I want to do what is right by the people of the county, and put the county-seat where it ought to go. Which is the strongest—Madisonville or Phœnixville?"

"Phœnixville, by all odds," was the answer of the eldest Harvey. "Two-thirds of the votes of the county are nearest to Phœnixville, though in ten years Madisonville will be the better point, and it will have to be voted back again."

"Then my duty is plain. The county-seat must clearly be moved to Phœnixville. If they want it back ten years from now, they can move it. A county-seat may as well be portable as anything else. I always thought it ought to be moved—now I am certain of it."

And the next day Mr. Mason notified the part-sans of Phœnixville that, after giving the matter careful consideration, he had determined that the public good, which was the only consideration that did or could influence him, demanded the removal of the county seat to Phœnixville, and that if elected he should use all his influence to that end.

Phœnixville therefore supported him, and Madisonville opposed him; but the result was as Mr. Harvey had foreseen. He was nominated by the vote of his own county and the Phœnixvillians, and once nominated was elected, as a matter of course. King Caucus was quite as strong then as now.

This was Caleb Mason's first step upward.

CHAPTER XIII

SHOWS MR. MASON'S FURTHER PROGRESS UP THE LADDER OF GLORY.

IT would be a sad waste of ink to recapitulate Caleb Mason's services in the narrow field in which he started—the legislature of his native state. He made a more than average legislator; he fought with great determination all schemes of extravagance that no one of influence wanted, thereby gaining, without cost to himself, the reputation of being an honest, incorruptible man. His speech in opposition to a canal, which was asked by four or five crazy-headed men, is still quoted in that country as a sample of eloquence when directed against unworthy objects. True, it is, that several schemes for depleting the treasury did go through, and his rage at finding they had passed when he was unavoidably absent on committees, was probably the most edifying thing in nature. He fought bodily for the removal of the county seat to Phœnixville, but as the lots he had bought there previously were in another man's name, no one knew that he had a direct interest in the change.

And so he came home, full of glory, and standing high in the estimation of his constituents; and as he lent his money discreetly, no one knew, in his district at least, that he had made more money legislating at $5 a day (paying that exact sum for board) than he had ever made in the same time in his life before.

But he did not propose to stay there, nor did he desire the honor of a renomination for a second term in the legislature, which, by the usages of the party, belonged to him. He had his eye fixed on a seat in Congress.

But Mr. Mason was too sagacious to rush in at once to secure a nomination. He possessed the faculty of being able to look into the future far enough to keep himself from doing anything rash; and the signs of the times were to him a pregnant warning that a political revolution was impending. He was a Democrat, but it was more because that party had been the one to offer the only chances of official preferment than from any real attachment to its principles. The Whig party received its death-blow in 1852, when Pierce defeated General Scott for the Presidency. The party had embraced the sins of Democracy, and was dying of them. Next came a period in which the opposition to the victorious Democracy was hopelessly divided, and the Know-Nothing movement run its short course. But events were rapidly moving onward, and the insolent slave-power, which ruled the Democracy, took the step that ultimately proved its ruin. It demanded the repeal of the Missouri compromise; and the Democratic majority in Congress did this when it passed the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

Caleb Mason saw that the moral feeling of the North was outraged by this; and he felt certain that the result would be the organization of a new party, with resistance to the extension of slavery into the territories for its cardinal principle, which would attract to it all that was worth saving of the old Whig party, and draw the best blood of the Democracy; and that the chances were that it would grow to be the dominant party of the nation. Hence when he closed his term in the state legislature, he refused a renomination, on the plea that his legal practice needed his undivided attention; but in reality he did not care to further identify himself with the Democracy till he should see what the outcome of the ferment in the politics of the nation was likely to bring forth.

He had not long to wait, for events went forward rapidly. He soon made up his mind that the movement of opposition to the extension of slavery into free territory, backed by the power of a moral idea, would grow irresistible, though its beginnings were small, and would result in the formation of a party that would control the country for years.

The small politicians of Mason's district did not see this, but Mason did. He saw that the slavery question would be paramount for many years to come, that it would end in a struggle which would last for years, and possibly to an internecine strife, with years more necessary to settle the questions growing out of it.

It was his opportunity, for the kind of politics that was to read the country suited his turn of mind exactly. He was a florid speaker, and emotional politics gave him precisely the field he wanted. It requires a great deal of labor and study to attack finance and questions of that kind; but any man with a fervid imagination, and a ready gift of speaking, can talk of the rights of man by the hour. The people love it, for they love emotion; and the anti-slavery struggle produced a large crop of this kind of statesmen, who went down after the war as rapidly as they went up prior to it.

Mason was a man who was always ready to act, for he had foreseen the event, and had his plans made in advance. He knew that it would be a combat for life—that the two sections were preparing for a death struggle, and that it would be an encounter that would last for years, and afford a man like himself material for political capital for a lifetime.

He promptly pronounced for the anti-slavery side, and did it so earnestly and early that no one could say he waited to see whether the tide turned in that direction or not. He did it at the first blush, when public sentiment was against it, and he did it in such a pronounced manner that he left no way of escape—he way of turning backward.

His was a very peculiar nature. While, to begin with, his espousal of the anti-slavery cause was as purely a matter of calculation as the buying of a horse or farm, or a speculation in town lots—a pure piece of cool-blooded financiering, a placing of his person in jeopardy for the brilliant future he saw behind it, he was not having any more feeling for the slave or care for the evils that grew out of slavery than for the serfs of Russia—he, nevertheless, after a few days' speaking upon it, became entirely enthused on the subject. He was of that nature that he could kill a widow for her property one minute, and the next could weep over the grave of a virgin who had been taken off untimely by consumption. The reading of an emotional poem would produce floods of tears, notwithstanding which he could see a woman starve without having his pulse quickened. And so after a little preliminary discussion of the slavery question, he became a sincere abolitionist—one of the kind who could and did warm up on the subject to a point that affected his auditors. To impress others, one has to believe in the subject of himself; and he was of the kind who can make himself feel what they wish to, and which feeling, if not genuine at the beginning, becomes so at the end.

His enemies chuckled in private, for they saw in it his political downfall and ruin—and the more so, when, in 1860, he accepted the Republican nomination for Congress in a district that had a clear administration majority of 3,500.

They did not know the man and his resources, nor did they know the temper of the people. The Northern man always hated slavery, and everything belonging to it. The few old Abolitionists had been sowing the seed, and the horrors of human bondage were well understood and appreciated; but slavery had some sort of a constitutional guarantee, and so long as the South was content to let it alone, it was safe from interference. But when the Southern states demanded its extension over all the unoccupied territory of the country, even those whose protests were mild against it rose as one man, and put themselves into a position of opposition. The opposing of its extension began a feeling of opposition to the institution itself, and those who embarked in the movement against its extension became soon clamorous for its extirpation.

Mason consulted no one, but at once arranged the plan of his campaign. He held a mortgage on the press of a Democratic paper in one county, and he compelled the editor to espouse the Republican cause. In all new countries oratory is a powerful agency, and there was no better orator in the state—for the people with whom he had to deal. He had a fervid manner; he could work himself up to a pitch of enthusiasm that carried his hearers with him; a magnificent voice, which he had perfectly under control, and a handsome, manly presence. In brief, he was the beau ideal of a popular idol, and precisely the man to work his way anywhere.

This was the situation. He had with him all the humanitarians, which means all the radicals—all the men who think enough of an idea to make sacrifices for it. He had with him all the churches, who hates slavery, and the most of the young and enthusiastic men of the district. Behind this by no means to be despised force was the vast army of waiters, whom he knew he could capture if he commenced with sufficient vigor and confidence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CARD.

Some weeks ago my name was announced as a candidate for the legislature, and a gratifying number of the best citizens of the county made haste to express their gratification thereat, and to pledge me their support. I hold it to be the duty of every citizen to serve his fellows when called upon to do so, and I hold it likewise to be his duty to refuse when their interests can be better subserved by another man.

Last week the name of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Caleb Mason, was announced for the same position; and recognizing in him greater fitness for the place, cheerfully withdraw from the field, and ask my friends to give him their support. I need not say a word in defense of this action, for the community knows and appreciates the integrity, the ability and the patriotism of Mr. Mason too well not to be glad to have his services in the legislature. I withdraw, as he accepts, for the public good.

Thanking my friends for the generous support they have given me, I am,

Respectfully,

SAM'L STARKWEATHER.

The day after the publication of this card, Major Starkweather appeared in a new suit of clothes and paid an old score at Bascom's, that had been accumulating two years. In this new suit of clothes, and with the strength that the new credit at Bascom's gave him, the Major, with his nose blazing redder than ever, went out into the country to "fix things" for Caleb Mason. He said to his friends that he should consider it a misfortune to the county—and himself—if Caleb Mason should be defeated. The latter part of his sentence was emphatically true.

With Mr. Starkweather's valuable assistance, Caleb Mason and his immediate backers, the Harvey family, had no trouble whatever in securing the entire delegation of Washington county. One of the other candidates, who had not a delegate pledged to him, agreed to withdraw in consideration of the support of the Harveys for the place at that indefinite time known among politicians as a "year or two." The other, who had some strength withdrew nobly, that the county might present unanimously the name of "our esteemed citizen, Caleb Mason," and in an equally noble manner immediately paid off a small mortgage on his farm, which, small as it was, had worried him immensely. He considered a candidature a tolerably good thing, and in the silent recesses of his soul determined to go into the candidating business regularly.

But the securing of the delegation of Washington county did not give Mr. Mason the nomination, by any means. He had more to do to attain the desired position.

Madison, the other county in the district, being a more populous county, had twice as many votes in the convention. Consequently it was necessary to have over half of that delegation. A new trouble loomed up in the horizon.

The county seat of Madison was Madisonville, but a new railroad, running some miles to the south, had left Madisonville a long way to one side, and had built up Phœnixville into an important point. Phœnixville was much nearer the center of the county, and as it had the railroad, a large number of its citizens felt that the county seat should remove thither, and had been besieging the legislature for several years for an enabling act to facilitate the purpose. This action had been vigorously opposed by the prominent citizens of Madisonville—namely, the two hotel keepers, the five saloonkeepers, and the tradesmen, who got a chance at the citizens of the county who were compelled to come there at least once a year to pay taxes, and once or twice a year to attend court, and do other county business. None of these believed that the constitution of the state permitted the removal of the county seat, on which point of law the five saloonkeepers were especially clear.

It was a settled matter that the legislature to be elected the coming autumn would decide this matter, and therefore the county wanted to know how the candidates stood on that question before they gave them their delegation; and this was Mr. Mason's r

Recent Literature.

SOME NEW BOOKS TO READ.

The Hansa Towns—A Tragedy of Errors—Manifold Cyclopædia—Christianity and Agnosticism—Pamphlet Novels—October Magazines—Literary Notes.

In the excellent series of "The Story of the Nations," issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "The Hansa Towns," by Helen Zimmern, author of "A Life of Lessing," etc. This is the first real history of the Hanseatic League ever written in English, and it will be best appreciated in this country, where the principle of federation is best understood and most thoroughly carried out. As is known, the League was a trading association, which, after serving its purpose, passed away, but the benchmal results remain to Europe, and the world. The author shows how the association was formed in order to protect trade and commerce, and that it was first constituted of a community of Germans, who became so powerful that they dictated terms to distant cities, which were absolutely obeyed. This volume is one of the most interesting ones that have yet appeared, not only for its subject matter, but that its style is concise and yet clear and strong. The illustrations are excellent, and the general execution good, being uniform with the rest of the series.

"A Tragedy of Errors," is a strong story which, it is hinted, has for its groundwork some part of the career of its author, Mr Frank A. Munsey, who is the publisher of *Munsey's Weekly*, and the boys' paper *The Argosy*. The hero is a young man full of ambition who carries himself through college, and then embarks in the publication of a paper, which, against all the expectation of those who know most of such ventures, proved a success. The book is interesting, and will prove popular.

"Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" has reached its fifteenth volume, which includes the titles from Fluctuate to Galvanism. A large number of practical topics are treated with thoroughness and accuracy. Scientific matters are also well handled, and the volume only adds one more to those which have so far so well pleased the public. A low-priced cyclopedia like the Manifold would once been thought, and indeed would have been an impossibility, but enterprise makes many things possible. The work will be sent by mail prepaid for only 60 cents a volume in cloth or 85 cents in half morocco binding, or, the entire 15 vols., now ready, if ordered at once, are offered prepaid, in cloth binding for $7, or in half morocco, for $10. The price is advancing slightly with the issue of each new volume. A sample volume may be ordered and returned if not satisfactory. John B. Alden, publisher, New York, Chicago, and Atlanta.

"The Sale of Mrs. Airlie" is a pamphlet novel published by G. W. Dillingham, New York. The scene is laid in California, and the plot is a sensational one. There is no merit in the execution, but it will doubtless find readers. The author is F. H. Costello.

From D. Appleton & Company, New York, comes "Christianity and Agnosticism: A Controversy." It is made up of papers from Henry Wace, D. D.; Prof. Huxley; The Bishop of Peterborough; W. H. Mallock; and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The names of the disputants will show that to those interested in these arguments the book is worth a reading. Published in pamphlet form. 50 cents.

Another book from the Appletons, and belonging to their "Town and Country Library," is "Giraldi; or the Curse of Love," by Ross George Dering. Pamphlet, 50 cents.

Another in the same series is "Mistress Beatrice Cope, or Passages in the Life of a Jacobite's Daughter," by M. E. Le Clerc.

The Judge Publishing Company issue in pamphlet form "The Faithful Achates," by Anthony Gould, author of "A Woman of Sarek." It is the September number of the series issued by this publishing house. Price, 50 cents.

Jules Verne's famous story of "*Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingts Jours*" is favored with an American edition in French by William R. Jenkins, New York, who has published in his excellent series of "Romans Choisis." The work has passed through many editions in Paris, and although not a new book it is still popular. The story is not only a very amusing and interesting one; but one without any impurities, so that it can be used as a class book. 60c.

The third number of "Classiques Francais," which Mr. Jenkins has issued, is Moliere's *L'Ecoly des Gent Hommes*, a comedy illustrating the author's qualities at his best. Like the predecessors in the series, this play is carefully and profusely annotated with English notes for students by Prof. Schele de Vere, of the University of Virginia, and is very tastefully printed and bound. Cloth 45c.

Literary Notes.

A new and cheaper edition of Mary and Charles Lamb's "Poetry for Children" is announced by the Scribners.

"The Poetry of Tennyson" is the title of a new book, soon to be published, by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke. The book will be brought out by the Scribners.

M. M. Ballou, who has published several well-known books of travel, will soon bring out a book describing his recent observations in Alaska. He found such unexpected mineral wealth there that he names his book "The New Eldorado."

Portraits of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, with a personal sketch, and of Miss Blanche Willis Howard and Henrick Ibsen, the Norwegian author, who created such a furore last season just over, will all appear in the October *Book Buyer*.

The publishers of Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" must find it difficult to keep their announcements of the editions up with the sales. It leaped from the 75th to the 100th, then almost immediately to the 112 n; and now the 122d edition is on the market.

"Birds and Butterflies," a book for boys and girls, by M. G. Musgrave, is among the most beautiful works published this season for children and is a new departure in the line of juvenile works. It contains over 100 fine illustrations including a number of colored plates printed in 14 colors.

A timely volume, and one calculated to be a valuable addition to American historical geography, will shortly be issued by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It is a translation from the Danish by Prof. Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin, of Peter Lauridsen's work, entitled, "Vitus Bering; The Discoverer of Bering Strait."

The readers of "Looking Backward" will be quite sure to find "Memoirs of a Millionaire," by Miss Lucia T. Ames, a very interesting story. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who will soon publish it, speak of it as "emphasizing the responsibilities that attach to large wealth, and indicating how it may be most wisely and helpfully used."

A new-comer in the field of American fiction will always receive attention; but when the new-comer is an author like Lafcadio Hearn, already known by his brilliant sketches and interpretations of Eastern lore and legend, his initial essay in story-telling will command eager interest. Mr. Hearn's first independent work of fiction, "Chita: A Memory of Last Island," will be published soon by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Frank M. Gregory, formerly the secretary of the Salmagundi club, one of our most popular illustrators and a water-color artist of more than average merit, has engaged with White & Allen to undertake the supervision of their art department. Mr. Gregory is known as the illustrator of the superb copy of Goethe's *Faust*, published by White & Allen last year, and of a very handsome edition of Sheridan's "Rivals" to be issued very shortly by the same firm.

The *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University, which is said to be modelled after the London University and has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark street.

Seven writers—clergymen, college professors and public men, some of them specialists of acknowledged standing—have associated themselves to discuss special questions of social interest and import, and to prepare papers to be afterward given to the public from time to time in the pages of *The Century*. The writers include the Rev Professor Shields, of Princeton; Bishop Potter, of New York; the Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven; the Hon. Seth Low, of Brooklyn, and Prof. Ely, of the John Hopkins university. For each paper the writer will be responsible, but he will have had the benefit of the criticism of the other members of the group before giving it final form. The opening paper will be printed in the November *Century*.

KENTUCKY COLONELS.

How It Happens That They Are So Numerous in the Blue-Grass State.

Louisville Post.

It is somewhat hard for an outside barbarian to understand why "colonels" are so plentiful in Kentucky. In the first place Kentucky furnished a great many soldiers, both to the northern and to the southern armies, during the war, and naturally some of these soldiers are sure-enough colonels by rank and service. Others who were minor officers, or perhaps high privates, are now dubbed colonels by way of courtesy. Then we have a very few colonels who hold over from the Mexican war, and there are their colonels of militia, like the Louisville Legion, who come by their titles honestly. The governor of Kentucky has the privilege of appointing persons on his staff with the rank of colonel. These colonels are expected to look pretty and martial at the governor's ball and to ride horseback when the governor heads a procession. The last duty frequently gives them great pain and anxiety. There are scores and scores of these governor-staff colonels in this proud old commonwealth.

Some societies have been more lavish than others in the distribution of these gilded honors. That kindly old gentleman, Governor Luke Blackburn, M. D., was fond of creating colonels. During his term he made some sixty colonels in the city of Louisville alone, if I remember the figures correctly. There are various reasons which entitle a man to this governmental compliment. Col. Will Hays is a colonel because he is such a gifted poet, while Col. Albert Dietzman was given his title by Governor Knott because he was the greatest business manager on earth.

I trust these facts will make it somewhat clearer to the wondering Northerner why colonels are so plentiful in Kentucky. But there are other reasons. Many prominent citizens are honored with this complimentary title simply as a recognition of their merit by the community. Thus every man who conducts a large distillery is ipso facto a colonel; for instance, Col. John M. Atherton, or Col. Tom Shirley. Every prominent railroad official is also a colonel; for instance, Col. Milton H. Smith. Every congressman is a colonel, as Col. Asher G. Caruth. Every man with a government office is a colonel; as Col. Geo. Du Relle. Every great editor is a colonel, like Col. Henry Watterson. The chief of the police department is a defacto colonel, as Col. Wood. Then there are other gentlemen who are colonels because no other title fits them. But the law on the subject is a little vague and has never been formulated by the legislature.

If a man has been a captain in the war, never call him captain; call him colonel. He is entitled to this promotion 24 years after the war closed. The only men proud to be called captain are the commanders of steamboats, the captains of fire companies, the conductors of railroad trains and the officers in a salvation army. The title of major is comparatively rare, and, therefore, is really more of a distinction than colonel. Only prominent people who have seen actual service wear the title; for instance, Major Ed Hughes and Major J. Washington Wham. But still if you call a major a colonel he is not likely to get mad at you. By the observance of these few rules I have jotted down, the stranger can get along in Kentucky without committing any serious breach of etiquette.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

The Errors and Delusions in Which Many Persons Are Believers.

Public Opinion.

A very common error is to suppose that birds sleep with the head beneath the wing. No bird ever sleeps so; the head is turned round and laid upon the back, where it is often concealed by feathers.

That dogs are kept in health by the addition of brimstone to their drinking water. Seeing that stone brimstone is utterly insoluble in water, I fail to perceive what use it can possibly be to the dog.

That cows are fond of buttercups. Cows, as well as horses, in grazing carefully avoid these plants, which, like all the Ranunculaceæ, are harsh, astringent, and sometimes poisonous.

That washing the face in morning dew improves the complexion. Dew is distilled water; but, being merely very pure water, it cannot exercise any special influence on the skin. I am unwilling, however, to dispel this pleasing illusion, and therefore say, "By all means, young ladies, wash your faces in the morning dew, in the full belief in its efficacy. To do so you must rise early and breathe the pure morning air, this will benefit your health, and no doubt your complexion at the same time." This is undoubtedly the lesson intended to be inculcated.

That a fire is extinguished by the sun shining on it. The effect in this case is apparent but not real. A fairly good fire looks little better than a heap of white ashes under the powerful light of the sun's rays.

That there is economy in putting fire-bricks or clay-balls into a fire. Considering that whatever heat they give out is derived from the fire itself, and that, being themselves totally incombustible, they contribute nothing to the heat of the fire, there can be no economy in their use. Our method of using fuel is, however, terribly wasteful; a very large percentage of combustible matter as well as heat goes up the flue and is wasted.

That pipes are burst by a sudden thaw. That thaw merely finds out the bursting which has already been effected by the frost. It is the expansion of water when passing into the icy state that bursts water-pipes of whatever material.

That the bones are brittle in frosty weather. No doubt more bones are broken in winter than in summer, but this is due to the slippery stage of the roads at that season, not to any specific influence on the ice, and not to any abnormal condition of our bones.

That "thunderbolts" are tangible realities that can be handled and preserved as curiosities. The only thunderbolt is the flash of lightning, often no doubt very destructive, but never accompanied by any solid. The only solid bodies that ever fall to the earth from the sky are aerolites or bolides, bodies coming from outer space and having nothing to do with the thunderstorms.

That mirrors attract lightning and should be covered or turned to the wall during a thunderstorm. This is a pure illusion, arising from the fact that mirrors reflect the lightning flash and thus add to the terror and apparent danger of the storm.

Some of the Vanderbilts.

Newport Letter.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt walks ever in a lane of bowing heads. To be sure she stands for a fortune of a hundred millions, with millions and millions more in the family behind her, and her name is wonderfully potential. But above and beyond all this she is a charming personality. See her moving there, among her guests on the lawn, with a cordial greeting for every one. She is small of figure, though dignified withal. She is dark, with deep dark eyes, and her countenance is full of expression. She dresses charmingly. Beyond is her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. She is tall, slender, and is dark, too. She dresses rather more splendidly than Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Among her jewels is a necklace of magnificent diamonds strung like beads. A similar necklace was among the wedding presents of the Princess Louise of Wales, but neither royalty nor American billionaireses can buy such baubles recklessly, for the waste incurred in simply boring the solitaires so as to string them represents a handsome fortune.

Friendship Rings.

Friendship rings, says a writer in the Detroit *News*—again I have heard them called affection rings—are come to be the newest thing affected by the seashore maiden. The number worn denominates the standing of a belle. All of her admirers spend hours filling out the center of a ten-cent piece until it comes to fit the finger which it is intended to adorn, generally the little finger, and eight or ten of these silver circlets are often seen. What would they do if they had twenty? Wear them, I suppose.

Directoire Style Trousers.

Cohen—You don'd like dhose pants? Vy, they were finest goods, custom-made in latest style.

Customer—But see, the waist reaches to my shoulder-blades.

Cohen (triumphantly)—I told you so! Dot was one of these directoire waists—latest style out!—*Life.*

A COMPREHENSIVE PLIT.

Judge.

SHE—"Did you hear of Kittie Benham's elopement? Very sad, wasn't it?"
HE—"I heard it mentioned, I believe. Ran away with a count, didn't she?"
SHE—"Yes: bank account and coachman both. Her papa's about ruined."

MAY PREACHERS SMOKE?

The Tobacco Question Again Bothering the Churches.

Philadelphia Record.

The tobacco question in its various ramifications is now worrying the brains of the clergymen of the United Presbyterian body throughout the country. Last year's general assembly handed down two overtures for the consideration of Presbyteries, and now the constituent members of these bodies are debating with their consciences as to how they shall cast their votes. The first proposition is to so amend the book of government of the church that any theological student who uses tobacco shall be refused a license to preach, and the second that no church member who uses tobacco shall be eligible to the office of elder. The Philadelphia Presbytery will act on the matter in January. In the meantime many of its members are burdened with an awful weight of indecision.

"I sincerely wish we were never to be called upon to vote on such a matter," said the Rev. W. W. Barr, pastor of the Eighth United Presbyterian church, a few days ago. "I can't approve of the principle of forcing a prohibition of tobacco upon the clergy; yet if I should oppose the movement I would seem to sanction its universal use. The wide-spread popularity of tobacco in high places is deplorable, though it is much less indulged in now than formerly. In general a minister's influence is lessened by the taint of tobacco smoke, but there should be no hard and fast rule to keep men from exercising liberty of conscience in such matters. The use of tobacco may be as necessary for the physical, mental and even moral well-being of one clergyman as its prohibition is for another."

Among the leading denominations of America, the Methodists stand alone as the only one which forbids the use or disuse of tobacco as a test of a candidate's fitness for the ministry.

"Do you promise to wholly abstain from the use of tobacco?" is the question fired at the applicant for orders when he appears before the conference. And if the applicant winces or falters, or by a twitch of his face or a wink of his eye betrays a token of love for his abandoned pipe, he stands in a fair way to be refused license.

"The use of tobacco is filthiness to the body and soul," said the Rev. Dr. J. B. McCullough, editor of the *Methodist*. "There are, it pains me to say, brethren in the army of Methodist ministers who do defile themselves with this obnoxious weed. Some of them have broken the vows they made to the Lord; others entered the ministry before these exactions were made, and are so enslaved to the habit they can not break it off. One of our leaders went crazy from its excessive use. It is barely possible that a lenient conference would permit a tobacco-stained student to preach, but if he should once be found guilty of giving pulpit in the land. The man who falters is lost."

"I dare say that one-half, or at least one-third of the clergymen in our denomination enjoy their cigar," said Rev. Byron A. Woods, pastor of Germaine Baptist church. "In the South, where every one smokes, there can surely be no harm in the domine having his puff. In the East or West I know of very few cases where I consider it harmful—certainly not more than two or three. The time, and not the fact, of smoking is the essential consideration. A man who savors of onions, horses, or stale tobacco is equally objectionable to ladies. If a minister exhales the fumes of a cigar always, or when he has taken his words may be impotent to rouse the auditors in the front pews to penitence. But the use of tobacco cannot be made a moral issue. The action of the Shady Valley Baptist church, at Pittsburg, in driving away the Rev. Dr. Hammond because he loved his weed as he did the sunlight is to be thoroughly deprecated."

The Rev. Dr. Seiss, of the Lutheran church of the Holy Communion, was dividing his attention between a fragrant Havana and a theological treatise when the tobacco question was propounded to him. "Religion has nothing to do with tobacco," said he. "The question is not an abstract one, but must be solved by each man to accord with his own conscience. The indulgence in strong coffee is a sin to some men; so, too, is indulgence in a cigar. If it hurts them physically or spiritually they had better abandon it. But that is not a matter that obligates the rest of us, to whom tobacco is one of the good things of life that we are entitled to enjoy."

Said the Rev. S. D. Mcdonnell, rector of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal church: "I smoke with a clear conscience, and so do an innumerable host of my fellow-churchmen. I would discourage the use of tobacco by impecunious students until they are able to pay for their cigars. After that they ought to be a law unto themselves. The 'weak-brother' idea has been dragged into prominence far too often. St. Paul never intended us to give up everything for his sake."

Roman Catholic polity requires candidates for the priesthood to refrain from tobacco while they are in the seminary. After that they smoke when and where they please. "I take a cigar very often, and enjoy it, too," said Father Quade at the Cathedral yesterday. "Our church does not consider tobacco as the evil thing which should not be tasted, touched, nor handled."

SARAH ALTHEA'S CHARMS.

The Tremendously Clever, Intriguing California Woman.

Californians say that Sarah Althea Hill has not yet finished all the mischief she is capable of. She is still a handsome woman, despite her years and the reckless manner in which she has given herself up to her passions, and even yet she has a marvelous attraction for a certain sort of man. Old Sharon was her dupe and Terry was completely under her thumb, and they are only the most conspicuous among a long procession of men who have found her attractive and dangerous. She has tremendous courage and vitality, and, while very passionate, can be as cool and sharp as steel when she is playing a game with circumstances.

She comes of a good family—a family that had no money, however—and her passion for intrigue, excitement and adventure has induced her to break with all the traditions of her station, and has by the way, succeeded in keeping her pockets filled in one way and another, ever since she began her career.

She is about five feet six inches in height, extremely well made, and is still graceful, lithe and slender. She has a pale, olive countenance, with delicate features and a pair of starry brown eyes, and her thick, wavy, brown hair has never been cut in a bang, but is brushed loosely back and ripples around her brow and ears. Her eyebrows are very black and arched, and her lids white and drooping, but her mouth shows the result of the life she has lead and has grown coarse and hard. However the rest of the face may escape the lines ploughed by passions, the mouth always reveals what the life has been, and hers is not a pleasant or a trustworthy mouth. She is tremendously clever, and no man who talked to her half an hour could believe anything against her unless he had previously steeled his heart against her plausible manner.—*New York World.*

A RIVER PARTY.

The moon above shed golden light,
The waves went rippling free,
And all went merry on that night,
All jubilant, save me.

'Tis true I had the favored place,
The seat up in the bow,
Where I was hid from every face,
And did not have to row.

But then I would have liked it more
Could I have been alone,
For at my side—aged forty-four—
There sat the chaperon.

—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A "CRACKER" COURTSHIP.

How "Pop" Won the Hand of His Neighbor the Widow.

Down in this unknown nook characters may be met who would delight those appreciative of the fresh and distinctive in human nature. Here in the deepest recesses of "the piney woods" are "crackers" who have never penetrated ten miles from the smoky cabins in which they were born, and whose domestic life has been bounded by the live-oak logs, clay walls and palmetto thatch of their cabins. Here they have lived since the time, back in the '30s, when Osceola and his Seminoles were captured by the regulars or driven to the 'gators, moccasins and miasmal swamps of the Everglades. Ignorance, ignorance, shiftlessness, courage and pride are their more prominent qualities.

Some miles back from this lake is a fertile tract of "high hummock" land on which stands a particularly heavy and luxuriant growth of pine, magnolia and live-oak. In it are several clearings which were made some four or five decades since, by the first "crackers" who came to this section, at the time of their arrival a wild and virgin country, which foot of white man may not trodden since Ponce de Leon ranged the peninsula in his quest for the fabled fountain of youth.

Three of the clearings are clustered closely together, one owned by the Widow Legare (pronounced Legree), one by "Pop" Somers, and the third by "Uncle Billy" Thomas. Uncle Billy has contrived to pass 63 years in single blessedness, but during the last eight years he has found engrossing charms in the society of the widow. On the other hand, "Pop" has had three wives, the last in the sequence having died about a month ago. It is in order to state that "Pop" is a man of individuality, not given to inaction and vain repining when he has suffered a loss. Misfortune has a bracing effect on him, and stimulates him to repair his losses. Consequently I was not surprised at the turn a conversation took which I held with him a fortnight after the death of his third wife. Replying to some expressions of sympathy on my part, the old man said:

"Yes, Yank, I've done lost er good housekeeper. So my cabin is in mighty poor ways. So of co'se I've done bin reckonin' for ernuther wife. I hain't settled on none yit, as I've done been right tollerable busy."

For a moment I was speechless. Then, acting on a mischievous impulse, I suggested:

"Have you thought of the Widow Legare? She's capable as a housekeeper, and isn't a day more than 45."

"I 'lowed," was the reply, "that I mout settle on the widder. But thar ain't no use in bein' in sich a pow'rful rush. Party soon I'll take er day to hunt fur er woman. Gittin' on wife is like gittin' on mule, and er man should be keerful to get un that'll last and is stiddy and don't 'low fur ter kick."

"Better speak to the widow right away, Uncle Billy may cut in ahead of you."

"I'll resk it, Yank," said the old man. "Ther widder hain't brought Uncle Billy ter time in much as nigh eight years. But I'll speak ter her come week."

Exactly a week later "Pop" saddled his mule and rode to the widow's. He found the buxom matron mending the gourd that hung in her well and—but I will tell the tale in his own words.

"'Mornin', widder. Howdy?' sez I.

"'What do you-uns want?' said she-uns, suspicious-like.

"'So I done come right down to it and said: 'I'm reckonin' I'low fur ter git er-nurther wife, and I want ter take you-uns, if you-uns don't 'low otherwise. What do you-uns think?' sez I in my peartest.

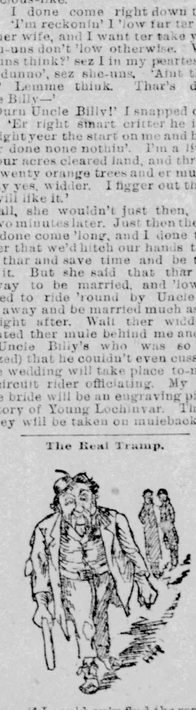
"'I dunno', sez she-uns. 'Aint this sudden? Lemme think. Thar's dis yere Uncle Billy—'

"'Durn Uncle Billy!' I snapped out, hot like. 'He right smart critter he is. He's had eight yeer the start on me and he hain't never done none nothin'. I'm a five man wi' four acres cleared land, and three cows and twenty orange trees and er mule. Better say yes, widder. I figger out that you-uns will like it.'

"Well, she wouldn't just then, but she did two minutes later. Just then the circuit rider done come 'long and I made the widder that we'd hitch our hands together right thar and save time and be through with it. But she said that thar wasn't no way to be married, and 'lowed she wanted to ride 'round by Uncle Billy's right away and be married much as nigher fortnight after. Wall ther widder done mounted ther mule behind me and we rid ter Uncle Billy's who was so 'gasted (amazed) that he couldn't even cuss."

The wedding will take place to-morrow, the circuit rider officiating. My present to the bride will be an engraving picturing the story of Young Lochinvar. The bridal journey will be taken on muleback.

The Real Tramp.



"Sacra, if I could only find the rascal who invented work, wouldn't I just fix him?"

The Prettiest Parisian Actress.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Thirty years ago the prettiest woman in Paris was Blanche Pierson; now it is Mlle. Depoix. The first was fair, the second is dark; the first, even in her youth, had the dimpled plumpness, which unluckily became vexatious obesity; the second is slender and thin, all muscle, without a suspicion of fatness—just a due covering of flesh on her bones.

The fact is, she is pretty, distinctly and charmingly pretty, with dark hair clinging to her forehead, clear deep eyes, black eyebrows drawn with a single stroke of a master's hand; and a long oval face, and something sweet and mutinously and yet sensual in her whole person, and, above all, the distinction which promises a woman of the world. There is no sign of the free-and-easy airiness which stamps the common actress; everything about her is close-fitting, close-buttoned, neat, and in good taste; nothing to catch the eye or divert attention from that charming head on which we gaze with restful pleasure.

This beauty, this aristocratic witchery, needs no frills or furbelows. It is found its proper setting—a stamp of reserve, almost of disdain. That is where you see on the boulevards she plays, where she is to be seen, for that is all that is required of her; she need not speak.

Gen. Boulanger's Wife.

The wife of Gen. Boulanger still lives in the deepest seclusion in Versailles. Her acquaintances are usually careful not to mention her husband's name in her presence. Recently one of her friends made a slip of the tongue and passed a slighting remark concerning Boulanger's relations with the government. Mme. Boulanger answered: "When the general asked for a separation I refused to have anything to do with it, for I wished to be able to shelter him in his old age. That is my feeling still. It is not for me to judge him."

No Such Word.

Lawrence American.

"Meet me on the corner tonite," he wrote, "and dew not fale." And she answered him, "There is no such word as 'fale.'"

THE ISLAND OF MONTE CRISTO

Will be Fitted Up to Rival the Splendors Depicted by Alexander Dumas.

Newcastle (Eng.) Daily Chronicle.

The report that the Marquis Carlo Ginori, of Florence, had purchased the island of Monte Cristo has been confirmed, with the further statement that it is the intention of the marquis to construct there a splendid residence. The island of Monte Cristo has hitherto been left practically to its own devices, as a lonely rock uprising in the Mediterranean to a height of about 2,000 feet, and uninhabited save by wild goats and small deer. It is, we believe, inaccessible except by one narrow landing place; and its area of two miles has not been deemed worth utilizing in any way. As, however, the Marquis Ginori seems to have been inspired with the somewhat eccentric notion of building a palace there, the place will doubtless undergo a great change. Sentimentality, the alteration is, perhaps, to be regretted. Monte Cristo was an obscure dot on the surface of the ocean until a great writer sat down to his desk and invested the remote and unknown spot with the fervid glow of romance. The vicinity of the island to Elba, for a brief while the prison of Napoleon I., might, to be sure, have given it a passing interest. It is not, however, as connected with the "Corsican Ogre" that Monte Cristo has become a place familiar to everybody. Its fame is linked with the adventures of the sailor Edmond Dantes, and with the name of Alexander Dumas, the brilliant novelist who imagined and related them. So powerful, indeed, is the influence exerted by that fascinating narrative, that hundreds find it difficult to realize that the Count of Monte Cristo never had an existence, and that no treasure was unearthed by him in the hidden caves of the island in the Tuscan Archipelago. Passengers on board the Mediterranean steamships are in the habit of looking out eagerly for the rock as they sail within view of it, and of recalling to mind the spectral count. Enterprising Americans have been known to make a pilgrimage there; and it is on record that no treasure was unearthed by him in the hidden caves of the island in the Tuscan Archipelago. Passengers on board the Mediterranean steamships are in the habit of looking out eagerly for the rock as they sail within view of it, and of recalling to mind the spectral count. Enterprising Americans have been known to make a pilgrimage there; and it is on record that one person at least explored the place animated by a vague hope that Edward Dantes might have left behind him a few of the gold bars and precious gems forming part of the secreted wealth of the Borgias.

Though Dumas's work was one of imagination—and imagination at its hottest—it appears, nevertheless, to have had some foundation for the idea of a treasure stowed away in the bowels of the Monte Cristo rock. The secret divulged by the Abbe Faria in the dungeon of the Chateau d'If was evidently based on a legend relating to Cardinal Borgia and the riches which he in troublous times thought judicious to bury beyond ken. The picturesque, albeit occasionally somewhat blood-curdling, incidents—incidents of the very sort to pass, magnified and supernaturalized, into popular belief. Dumas had read or had heard of the legend, and he took it as he took the queer story of the twin brothers Franchi and the Corsican vendetta. If Italians were by nature as practical as we are, the Borgia treasure might have instigated a more prosaic purpose than that of utilizing it for a fine incident in one of the finest romances ever penned. The knowledge that there was such a legend afloat might have tempted Englishmen to fit out an expedition and to hunt for the hidden wealth. We have done so before now on assumptions hardly less fanciful and silly. It is indeed not so very long ago that some of our shrewd and hard-headed Novocastrians themselves were seduced into a wild goose chase after a "vast lot of plunder" supposed to have been buried by a pirate somewhere on the Island of Trinidad. Nothing came of that expedition except disappointment; and it shared the fate of numerous similar adventurous searches for the booty alleged to have been secreted by Captain Kidd. Bartholomew, Sharp and other historical freebooters, buccaneers, and pirates. It is to be feared that these fellows and their treasures were all shams. That they were bold, unscrupulous, truculent men who seized ships on the main and enriched themselves at the expense of long-suffering traders is not to be doubted. We believe implicitly in the tales of their audacity in attacking plate ships from Mexico and Peru, and in the stories of their barbarity to the hapless men, women and children who fell into their clutches. But we are also convinced that as soon as they had a good haul these ruffians made for some place where they could spend their ill-gotten gains and indulge in the orgies natural to their character. They in all probability saved not a penny, and died as poor as they commenced. Besides, as Dampier shows only too well, buccaneering and piracy were not after all such good trades as they have been represented. It is, therefore, on the whole, that the Borgia treasure was confined to the aggrandizement of the sailor Edmond Dantes, and that no one has bothered about it since. Nevertheless, it is not without a thrill that many will think of the Marquis Ginori's purchase, and of his intention to dig the foundations of a palace in the island of Monte Cristo. The hero of Dumas's novel, to every reader will remember, had a subterranean residence there conspicuous for the Oriental magnificence that so astounded the Count of Monte Cristo's visitor, the Count d'Epinay. What if the Marquis Ginori should find traces of that superb dwelling? Better still, what if the Borgia treasure should be there after all, and that fact should prove "stranger than fiction? Seeing, however, that the sterner probability is that nothing but hard granite will be found to contend with in the process of excavation, the erection of the Marquis Ginori's palace will but destroy the illusion it is at present still possible to cherish. The island of Monte Cristo will be, moreover, changed and altogether different from the bare rock which Edmund Dantes and the faithful Jacopo approached. One comfort, nevertheless, remains. The Chateau d'If is still standing, and is open to the visitor. For all we know, indeed, it has still the old man who, with unbusying effrontery, used to offer for sale curious objects carved out of fish bones, asserting that they had been manufactured by the Abbe Faria. So well did he tell his falsehood that guileless tourists have been known to fall into his snare. Alexander Dumas himself, on visiting the castle many years after the publication of his novel, was offered one of these relics. And, as he relates somewhere in his memoirs, the splendid lying proved too much for him, and mesmerized him into making a purchase.

A WASHINGTON ARTIST.

He was an artist; he sketched and drew,
He painted blossoms with wondrous hue,
And his mimic forests would seem to wave
'Neath the dainty touch that his genius gave;
Or some face of the sweetest beauty graced
The canvas his brushes had deftly traced,
The world approved him and said it knew
No limit to what his skill could do.

He could turn to subjects less intense,
He whitewashed the trees and the back yard fence;
He painted the ceiling and reddened the bricks,
And puttied the doorstep's dents and nicks;
He gave to the stairs the attention due,
And nickel plated the door knobs, too;
And his wife declared when his work was o'er
Such an artist had never lived before.

—*Capital.*

A Young Baroness to Explore Africa.

It is reported from Milan that the Baroness Cautoni, a young lady of nineteen, celebrated for her beauty as well as for her startling originality, has announced her intention of undertaking a journey into the interior of Africa. She will be accompanied by a relative, an elderly lady belonging to the Austrian aristocracy, and attended by several male and female servants. An officer in the Italian army has undertaking to lead the expedition, and is already busily engaged in making arrangements. The party will set out on November 1 and will be away for a year. After a call at Aden, Massowah will be visited, and thence the Baroness with her followers will penetrate into the interior of the continent.

French Charity.

In France there are no public funds for the relief of the poor, and private charity is almost wholly relied upon. It appears, however, that French laws are very much opposed to private associations or individuals distributing charitable funds, and require that this should be done by officials. The machinery provided for the purpose are bureaus composed of persons two-thirds of whom are nominated by the prefect of the district and one-third by the communal authorities. No person can found a charitable institution and support with his own money without express authority from the state, nor can he leave by will a sum of money for any private individual to distribute in charity; that duty must be performed by an official.

Important Discovery.

It is reported that the lost books of Euclid have been found at Jeypore, India, in Sanskrit. All scholars will be interested in this discovery. Although many modrns have tried their skill in geometry, not one has surpassed the ancient master, Euclid. He still stands unrivaled. It is to be hoped that the lost books may be restored and added to the modern text books, which reproduce English propositions.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SEARCHING A HOUSE.

Capturing the Officer's Turkey—The Irishman and His White Hat.

THE first opportunity we had to encounter the Confederates, was at South Mountain. We guarded a battery and closely pursued the enemy up the mountain-side. On the summit of the mountain the dead were thickly strewn about. Our regiment was detailed to guard the baggage train, and, after the sound of arms had died away we were ordered to bury the dead. We were divided into squads of ten men each. My squad interred 47 rebels and three union men. The dead had remained unburied four days, and on account of the prevailing warm weather the duty was a most unpleasant one to perform.

We then marched through Maryland, from place to place, and on October 20, arrived at Washington. We camped about two miles from the city, and remained there until December 1. We removed to Aquia Creek Landing soon afterwards, and went into winter quarters. We did considerable work at the wharf, loading and unloading vessels. Do any of the boys remember how, when on picket duty, we chased some sheep? but we were unable to get near enough to shoot any. Also, how when three of us were ordered to guard an open shed containing government horses, one of the boys captured the officer's turkey. An officer's tent stood near us with a turkey tied to a post. In the morning the owner came to us, and, after asking for the commander, was told that he was sleeping. I was aroused from my slumbers, and the officer demanded my knowledge about a turkey that had gone astray during the night. I told him that I knew nothing about it, as I had not seen it. When he had gone one of the boys remarked, "He'll never help eat that turkey." He was correct. Some time during the night the turkey had been killed and dressed, and after being wrapped in a blouse was hidden in the bushes along the creek. On our way to headquarters the lucky one stepped to one side, got the turkey, and carried it to camp. Our squad ate the turkey, and I presume that the officer never knew what become of it. If he should see this, he may still remember his extreme hunger for turkey in the days of '63.

At "Burnside's Stick in the Mud," we left winter quarters, and were without shelter, in snow and rain storms, for three days. I entirely lost my speech for about a week on account of catching cold. We next encamped at Bell Plain, and April 16 left camp to do reserve duty.

On the night of the 17th, twenty of us—a few from each company—were detailed to go outside of the picket line to search a house in which signal lights had been seen the previous night. My lieutenant commanded the party. He told us to report at headquarters at 6 o'clock, p. m., with overcoats, guns, and ammunition. Our instructions were not to speak a loud word. To avoid the road, along which rebel pickets were supposed to be stationed, it was decided to make our way through the woods and swamps. It was raining and very dark. Sometimes we encountered small brooks with prependicular banks. An abundance of brier-bushes also greeted us on the route. We lost our way, and a period of five or six hours was occupied in going what was half a mile by a direct course. We were placed around the house and ordered to permit no person to escape. The commanding officer rapped at the door, and a girl put her head out of an upstair's window and said:

"Tom, Tom, who is there?"

"An officer of the United States army," was the response.

She repeated his words with the peculiar Southern accent, and said that they did not wish to be disturbed. After being fully assured that they would receive no injury, we were permitted to enter. The lieutenant and three or four followers proceeded to search the house without delay. Four girls, an old lady, and a young man were found. Two or three of the girls accompanied the searching party, and when coming down stairs, one of them kicked one of the boys—who was very sakey. When the search was discontinued one of the girls said:

"If I had a gun, I would shoot that man with the white hat and drag him down over those steps and throw dirt over him."

He told her that up North the ladies called him a gentleman. This was her quick reply:

"There are no ladies in the North. They are only women, and live in hen houses and chicken coops."

When departing, the lieutenant raised his cap, and bowing politely, bid the ladies good night. One of them replied that she would not disgrace herself to speak to him, and spit upon him. She did not resent the insult, and we returned to camp. I often think of the big Irishman who wore the white hat. He belonged to Co. K, and if he sees this he will know that there remains one who still remembers that episode.—JOS. BRADY, Co. E, 137th Reg. P. V., Beech Creek, Pa.

WAR IN THE WEST.

Skirmishes and Battles With the Treacherous Indians.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE.—I have long been interested in this department of THE BLADE, and find it very pleasant to hear from old comrades. I enlisted in Co. G, 8th Regt. Minnesota Volunteers, August 20, 1862, and served until the war ended. Geo. Atkinson was our captain and J. F. Thomas our colonel. We marched from Fort Snelling to Fort Abercrombie, a distance of about 250 miles, in ten days, and were stationed at the latter fort about eighteen months. While on the march, and about half way between the two places, we came to a log house which was a sight to behold. The Indians had broken the furniture in pieces, and scattered the feathers from the beds all over the house. A short distance from the house we found the owner's body,

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or private persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

"Pectotaller Dick."

Every reader of the Question Bureau is requested to turn to the fourth page of this issue and read there the announcement of Col. Mapes's new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE. And then we shall be glad to have them, each and every one, send us the names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who ought to do so, to send "Pectotaller Dick," and have their children read it. We shall be glad to send sample copies to all whose names are sent. And we urge that you send us names at once.

Giordiano Bruno.

Observer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Giordiano Bruno, in whose memory a statue was recently erected at Rome, existing the hostility of the Pope and Catholic clergy, was a Dominican monk, who lived during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Becoming dissatisfied with the tenets of Rome, he left his convent and began a wandering existance, sometimes being in Germany, sometimes in France, then in England. Everywhere he gave vent to his hostility to his former faith in speeches, sermons, letters and books. In England he wrote his most important works. Wherever he was he enjoyed the friendship of the highest minds.

In religion he believed in what the philosophers call a spiritualized materialism and a materialized pantheism. He conceived the universe as the great unity, as the eternal one in which matter and force are identical. "In minerals, plants and animals," says Karl Blind, "he recognized but a varied manifestation of the one moving principle which is not outside the world, but remains enveloped in it in its very essence. Matter, then, is the primeval essence of everything. In it the whole reality exists, and the real and the potential are one and the same." Against the Aristotelean view and the Ptolemaic view Bruno defended the system of Copernicus. In matters of state he was socialistic, as opposed to the pseudo-liberty that make the weak the victim of the strong, but at the same time he protested against the possibility of doing away with the difference of classes, and against "bestial equality."

After having held positions of honor throughout Europe, he returned to Rome. He was arrested, imprisoned by the inquisition, tried, degraded, excommunicated and finally burned at the stake for heresy. The universal comment of philosophers of all schools is that he was one of the deepest thinkers of the age. A great many of the writers of all nations have paid high tribute to his eminence as a philosopher.

The statue of Bruno in Rome was erected by Italian liberals and was unveiled last June. The Roman church at once took the matter up as an affront directed against itself. Pope Leo addressed a protest to the Italian government against this act as an indignity to him as the rightful monarch of the Roman empire and against the impiety, the enormous outrage, and insolent ostentations of those who honor a man who has abjured the Catholic faith." The position taken by the pope has been followed by the whole Roman Catholic church throughout the world and the authorities of the church have taken occasion to use the occurrence as a text to warn their spiritual charges against the sin of free thought.

Concerning the Crucifixion.

A. D. B., Jackson Center, O., disputes the correctness of the conclusions as to the time of the crucifixion, given in the Bureau of Sept. 19. His letter is too long to print in entire. His position briefly is that "Christ was crucified and entombed on the fourth day of the week, commonly called Wednesday, He lay in the grave three days and three nights, and rose late on the Sabbath, at an hour corresponding with the hour of His entombment, at which time two of the women came to see the sepulchre." Our friend certainly has given evidence that he has read volumes of Christian discussion on this topic. We simply gave the conclusions of the latest writers upon the subject. Dr. Smith, in his "Bible Dictionary" (which we refer to since by it because it is found in the library of nearly every minister of the gospel) article "Jesus Christ," agrees that Jesus was crucified on Friday, the 15th of the month Nisan. As to the hour of the day at which the crucifixion occurred, we discussed that matter in the article in the Bureau, and gave our reasons for fixing it about 9 a. m. Dr. Smith agrees also in this. That Jesus lay in the tomb three days and three nights has no warrant in the gospels. The early Christian fathers did not believe it, if we are to judge from the words of the so-called "Apostles' Creed," the earliest statement of Christian belief, which declared that the third day he rose from the dead," which is strictly true—as he was crucified on Friday and rose Sunday morning. The statement of the Creed is quite different from that he lay in the grave three days and three nights.

2.—Consult a lawyer or justice of the peace.

The Development of the Piano Forte.

Tay, Evansville, Ind.: No one person was the inventor of the piano. That instrument is the result of the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after awhile the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings. It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with little hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hands of the player, and then a genius invented a key board, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers. This instrument underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spinet, because the hammers were covered with spines or quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord; and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton and the first ladies of revolutionary times played on. In 1710 Bartolomeo Cristofelli, an Italian, invented a key or keyboard, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike wires from above, and thus developed the piano. In the last 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty as the piano.

Why Leaves Turn in Autumn.

Farmer, Greenville: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. This difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of the climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall, and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly.

The Congo Free State.

J. L. B., Goldendale, Wash.: The Congo basin contains 2,400,000 square miles, of which France possesses 687,000 square miles, Portugal 741,313 square miles, Great Britain 5,056,000,000 acres, and the rest is independent, practically—being about 1,065,200 square miles, with a native population estimated at 42,000,000. The Congo Free State is under the protection of the African International association, which has established freedom of navigation and commerce. The chief commercial product of the Upper Congo is ivory and rubber. The banks of the middle and lower Congo are lined with groves of the oil-palm. The orchilla weed is found everywhere. The wild coffee plant is abundant. Indiu-rubber trees are found in vast quantities in certain districts. Cammon and nutmegs are common products, and gum copal can be obtained in vast quantities. In the lake region there are rich iron and copper mines, and gold and silver deposits. There are also many other valuable products. The upper Congo region is elevated, and is the best for colonization, the climate being temperate and healt y. The river valleys yield wonderful crops of rice and grain. You must remember that the country is thickly populated by savage tr bes, and the colonist would have a hard time by himself. There is no book published that we are aware of on the Congo Free State.

English Political Parties.

A. C., Bloomington, Ill.: The party in power at present in Great Britian is the Conservative or Tory party; its leader is Lord Salisbury. It believes, as regards Great Britian and Ireland, that whatever is, is best; as to foreign affairs it for the present believes the same, although not so long ago the party was for war anywhere and everywhere. The Liberal party is led by Gladstone. It disestablished the Irish church, and doubtless will disestablish the English and Scotch churches; it believes that things might be better than they are. At present it is pledged to give home rule to Ireland. Between these is the Liberal Union party, led by Lord Hartington, which is composed of Liberals who don't believe in home rule for Ireland. At present it is firmly bound to the Tories, but after Ireland shall have gotten home rule its members may return to the Liberal fold. A Conservative is that led by Mr. Parnell, the Home Rule party, whose members, as a rule, inclined to the Liberal party, are now united in trying to obtain justice for Ireland, without regard to the personality of the dispenser of that justice.

I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER for coughs and colds. A few doses cured me. It is a WONDERFUL REMEDY. writes G. L. Walker, a prominent citizen of Pawtucket, R. I. 25c. 50c. and $1 per bottle. ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

Precious Stones of the Months.

J. R. C., Xenia, O.: The precious stones associated with the twelve months are as follows: January—A jacinth, or garnet, which denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February—Amethyst, insuring peace of mind. March—A bloodstone, denoting courage and secrecy in dangerous enterpri es. April—Sapphire or diamond, signifying repentance and innocence. May—The green emerald, typical of love. June—An agate, meaning long life and health. July—Ruby or carnelian, which insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love. August—Sardonyx, a happy married life. September—Chrysolite, which preserves from folly. October—Aquamarine or opal, which denotes both misfortune and hope. November—The topaz, fidelity and friendship. December—Turquoise or malachite, signifying the most brilliant success and happiness.

Our Circulating Medium.

E. R., Metomen, Wis.: There are no reliable statistics of the volume of money in the hands of the people, year by year, since 1861. The matter is a very difficult one to reach, and the figures so glibly used by some foolish enthusiasts are simply estimates. The following figures give the total amounts in the hands of the people at the dates named, excluding the amount in the treasury and in all banks. No estimate has been made by treasury officials since Nov. 1, 1885:

Nov. 1, 1881	$ 918,048,519
Nov. 1, 1882	936,391,081
Nov. 1, 1883	916,685,025
Nov. 1, 1884	891,285,653
Nov. 1, 1885	829,702,777

There has been a large increase in the past four years, and the amount in circulation is larger now than for years. There is no especial value in such statistics, however, as financial transactions are so largely done by means of drafts and checks. The latter constantly represent twice or three the actual money in circulation.

Double Citizenship—Naturalized Chinamen.

F. J. S., Bald Mountain, Col., asks: "1.—At the two states in the United States in which a man might, under any circumstances, be a qualified voter at the same election and cast a legal vote in each state on the same day? 2.—Are there any Chinamen in the United States who are qualified voters? And if so, how many and in what states?"

1.—If we are to understand the query to be, can a man vote in the two states legally on the same day, we answer, No, certainly not. A man can be a citizen of but one state at a time. 2.—The United States statutes prohibit the naturalization of Chinamen. There may be some few who were naturalized before that law was passed, but we are not qualified to think there are; but we do not know where.

The "Blade's" Age.

T. J. W., Pullomath, Ore.: The Toledo Weekly BLADE is now in its fifty-seventh volume and fifty-fourth year. During the years of its career, there were changes in proprietorship made, each new proprietor starting a new volume when he took charge, thus making two volumes in one year. The Weekly BLADE was first issued in the early part of 1836, and has been issued regularly since. The Daily BLADE was first issued on April 17, 1848, and is now the leading daily in this section of Ohio. Mr. B. R. Woods (Nasby) did not become associated with the BLADE until in September, 1865.

The Climate of Mexico.

C. H. F., Sheridan, Mich.: The climate of any point in Mexico depends entirely upon its height above the sea. The mountains from the backbone of the country, and on each side there are three great terraces, or steps, going down to the sea. Hence there are three kinds of climate—first, the *tierras calientes* (hot lands), embracing the country along the shore, and inland until it reaches 3,000 feet elevation above the sea; second, the *tierras templadas* (temperate lands), from 3,000 to 6,000 feet in elevation; third, the *tierras frias* (cold lands), above 6,000 feet elevation. The heat is excessive in the first division, and the climate very unhealthy; the second division is temperate, and the third cold.

A "Cheshire Cat."

Student, Punxsutawney, Pa.: Cheshire is a county in England. The expression, "grinning like a Cheshire cat," is common in England, and to some extent in this country, but its origin is hopelessly obscure. One ingenious theory is, that as Cheshire is a county paintine, the cats, wh n they think of it, are so tickled that they can't help grinning. Another theory is, that Cheshire cheeses, moulded into the shape of cats, as was forme ly done, gave rise to the expression "Cheshire cats." Another is, that the expression owes its origin to the immense cats of a local sign painter to represent a lion rampant on the signboards of various county inns. We doubt if either is correct. No doubt the origin of the phrase is lost forever in the mists of antiquity.

Losses by Floods.

T., Bryan, O.: The total loss of life in the Johnston flood is estimated at 3,500. We have seen no reliable estimate of the loss in property. The loss of life by the recent Atlantic storm was very small, and no estimate of the property loss has yet been made. The historic floods of which we have accounts are as follows:

Year.	Place.	Persons Killed.
1871.	China	30,000
1874.	Mill River, Massachusetts	150
1878.	Egypt, the Nile	250
1879.	Marcia, Spain	1,000
1887.	Yellow river, China	200,000
1889.	Japan	10,000

The Four New States.

C. Mc., Young America, Ind.: The new states are North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington. The "peculiarity of their admission" is probably that the enabling act passed by congress last March provided that the people of them should hold conventions to adopt state constitutions, which constitutions should be submitted to a vote of the people, and, if adopted by them, the President is authorized to declare their admission to the Union by proclamation. The other data you ask for can be obtained from any school geography.

"Chataigne."

Lida, Canton, O.: If you have nut-brown hair, blue eyes and fair skin, you are "chataigne." This is a French adjective, and is used to describe a person who is half-way between a blonde and a brunette. A Yorkshire is brunette, your eyes and complexion blonde. Hence you are a "chataigne" lady. This class is a very numerous one in the United States.

Miscellaneous.

H. G. D., Vanderbilt, Pa.: We have not a copy of the song you mention.

S. S., O.: The Lucas county Children's Home will probably not be ready for occupancy till some time next year.

B. S., Glen Hazel, Pa.: We can not give addresses in this department. See rule 3. Better advertise for the machinery you want.

T. B. C., Greenville, Cal.: We do not recall having noticed a work under "Recent Literature" on the amalgam process of gold working.

A. C., Dongola, Ind.: The name of the Alpine flower, the edelweiss, is pronounced a-del-vise, accent on the first syllable, which is sounded like a in fame.

G. E. A., ——, Neb.: The government land offices in Dakota are at Mitchell, Watertown, Fargo, Yankton, Bismarck, Deadwood, Grand Forks, Aberdeen, Huron, and Devil's Lake.

J. B., Rimersburg, Pa.: A person's character cannot be told by examining the hair. 2.—Phrenologists claim to be able to tell temperament and character from photographs, but we are skeptical as to their success.

Ernest Nowlin, Chipley, Fla.: We do not know any good method of transferring colored pictures to glass, except that of attaching them, face downward, to the glass, and then viewing the picture through the glass.

D. C. G., Toledo, O.: The unmarried widow and minor children of a dead soldier, honorably discharged, are entitled to a pension. Your better plan is to go to some pension agent in this city and place your case in his hands.

M. T., Waterford, Pa.: We have no means of knowing the names of the copper mines of foreign countries. Read Rule 3, and you will see why we can not print the addresses you ask for, even if we knew them, which we do not.

F. M. F., McConnelsville, O.: A Chinaman cannot become a citizen of the United States, since the federal naturalization act restricts the privilege to white persons and negroes. The law is so plain that no interpretation by a court is necessary.

J. M. S., Carlow, Mo.: Grain is sold at wholesale in Great Britain by the "quarter," which is 8 bushels. An English shilling is 24.3 cents; a penny is 2 cents. With this information, you will be able to figure out the prices given in the weekly English grain market.

——, Huntington Co., Pa.: 1.—The special agents of the Treasury department are detailed to look up violations of the rev nue laws. There are 25 of them, and they are paid $6 to $8 per day. 2.—Apply to your representative for aid in securing such an appointment. 3.—We do not know that the system of bookkeeping in custom houses differs from that of any business house.

Proxy, Caney Branch, Tenn.: 1.—For information regarding employment in the United States survey, address "Supt. U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C." 2.—For information concerning a position in the marine hospital service, address "Supervising Surgeon General, Marine Hospital Service, 1421 G street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

Reader, ——: The words north, south, east and west, when used simply to denote direction, are common nouns, and should not be capitalized. When they are used as the proper names of sections of country, they are properly capitalized. The names of the sciences should not be capitalized, except when used as part of the proper name of a book; as, "Hooker's Chemistry."

H. T., Petersburg, O.: 1.—Each copy of THE BLADE, sent to a subscriber in Great Britain, has to have the postage (2 cents) prepaid by a stamp. Hence the subscription price for such persons is $2 per year, as we pay the $1.04 postage. 2.—As we have a postal treaty with Canada, by which publications of each country are admitted to the other without extra postage, the price of THE BLADE to Canadian subscribers is the same as in the United States.

W. A. F., Christopher, Ill.: 1.—The reason for the phenomenon displayed by some persons who are able to stick needles, etc., into the flesh without pain, seems to be that there is a peculiar state of the nervous system, generally unhealthy, and which may be produced by mental exaltation and other causes, in which the nerves of sensation are deadened, temporarily. 2.—We hardly understand your question—"what liquid makes the most brilliant light and produces the least heat?" If you refer to substances burned in lamps, we cannot answer, as we do not know of any record of the comparative heat of lamp-flames produced by different liquid illuminants. 3.—The handling of live coals, etc., with the naked hand, or placing them in the mouth, is a juggler's trick.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness specially cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Franklin's Conditioned Gift.

He Left £1,000 to Philadelphia in 1790 to be Invested and Spent in 1890.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is every indication that a big public bath will shortly be erected in this city from money donated many years ago by Benjamin Franklin and John Scott. One hundred thousand dollars will probably be expended upon it. The "Father of Electricity" left by his will, dated April 23, 1790, £1,000, to be used by the city in the best manner deemed possible, and in 1816, John Scott left £4,000, which was to be devoted to the same purpose as desired by Franklin.

These trusts are both in charge of the board of directors of City Trusts, of whom the active members are Prothonotary Mann and Director of Public Works Wagner. These two officials have lately been giving the legacies considerable thought and discussion. In his will the great philosopher left £2,000 sterling, one-half to Boston and the other to Philadelphia. He had great ideas as to what the money would amount to with the lapse of a century. For instance, he desired the money to be loaned to married artificers under the age of 25 years at 5 per cent per annum in sums not exceeding £60 sterling.

The document went on to state that "if this plan is executed and succeeds as projected without interruption for 100 years, the sum will then be £131,000."

Continuing, the great philanthropist writes: "I would have the managers of the donation lay out, at their discretion, £100,000 in public works which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people and resorting hither for health or temporary residence. The remaining £31,000 I would have continued to be let out at interest for another 100 years."

These provisions applied to the sum left to Boston as well as Philadelphia. But in the case of our city he also empowered the managers of the fund to spend at the end of the first century a part of the £100,000 in bringing by pipes the water of the Wissahickon Creek into the town.

Philadelphia artificers did not come forward to borrow the money, however, and the expected "131,000 pounds surling" have not been realized at the close of this the appointed century. Instead, the principal amounts to about $80,000, yielding an income of $5,000 a year. The Scott fund amounts to about $30,000, making in all $110,000.

Messrs. Mann and Wagner have concluded to ask the solicitors of the board of city trusts how they can go about securing $100,000 of this sum for the purpose of building the big bath proposed. The other $10,000 they proposed to put away for another century at compound interest. Col. Mann says that but little general good could be accomplished with $110,000, but the public debt suggested itself, and it may be built before the close of the year 1890.

"THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE."

The Harmless Practical Joke Played by a Bishop.

They say that when Mr. John H. Oberly, the "bishop," was a younger man than he is now, he was an irrepressible joker. A member of the Jefferson club, who claims to know what he is talking about, tells the Washington *Post* that John was born at just 1 o'clock in the morning and relates the following circumstances concerning the 21st anniversary of that event:

The entire household was asleep excepting presumably, young Oberly. At a few minutes after 1 o'clock he went to the door of each bed room and with feigned cautiousness aroused him whisper, saying: "There's a man in the house."

Presently everybody was up and half dressed. Some ventured out into the halls, and others stood timidly in their half-open doorways, while still others remained out of sight behind locked doors.

"Come out here," said John to those who had not left their rooms; "I tell you there's a man in the house."

Finally he succeeded in getting everybody into the hall, where the group stood, half afraid, half ashamed to show fear.

"Where is he?" said one.

"Here I am," answered John; "I am a man. I was twenty-one fifteen minutes ago."

PEANUTS AS MEDICINE.

The Time-Honored Goober Said to Possess Rare Curative Powers.

The taste for the toothsome peanut is a healthy one, and the nut is coming into favor on account of its virtues, aside from its edible qualities. Of late years it is coldly claimed for the peanut that it has rare curative powers in certain diseases now becoming frequent, especially among brain-workers and high-living people—insomnia with the first class and dyspepsia with the others.

A correspondent of a Boston newspaper vouches for the fact that he had a very bad case of dyspepsia, accompanied by insomnia—that he had gone 72 hours without sleep, was badly wrecked physically, and went to eating peanuts, and, after a short course of this treatment, came out of it a perfectly healthy, hearty man, able to sleep soundly under any and all circumstances.

In view of the revival of the peanut on its merits it should no longer be classed as an article useful only as an aid in passing time at a dull circus. The peanut, goober or groundnut, as it is variously called, is taking a place in the dispensary.

The day may not be far distant when the physician will prescribe a pint of peanuts and an hour's practice on chewing gum.

They Were All There.

The manager of a Catholic school in London adopted a novel course to secure attendance on Fridays. He announced from the pulpit that he intended to visit his schools "every Friday afternoon in order to note what girls were absent, and hence to ascertain all the dirty, ill-kept, slatternly homes in the parish, for they were only the girls from such homes who were habitually absent." The result of this announcement was an immediate and lasting improvement in the attendance.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

MEN'S FALL FASHIONS.

Something About the Styles of Men Who Dress Well.

Great indeed will be the sway of the tailor this fall. He will have things pretty much his own way, because the new styles are abundant and some of them so intricate and novel that your ordinary citizen will be puzzled to know whether they are meant for him or pertain by special appointment to the dudes of the earth. Take, for instance, the new double-breasted sack suit. It is to be made, as a general thing, of cheviots in large plaid pattern, the entire suit being cut from the same piece. Only young men should wear it, those of plump figure preferred, but the tailors say that middle-aged and even elderly men of fashionable turn will take to it very kindly.

The coat is somewhat longer than the single-breasted sack, and the shoulders are wide and masculine. Just the least

whisper of a curve is noticeable in the side seams of the coat. The collar rolls full, the upper buttonhole being at least seven inches below the top of the lapel. The corners of the coat roll away and are lost in a sharp rounding in the vicinity of the trousers pockets. All the coat pockets are provided with flaps. The vest is single-breasted with a good-sized opening and the trousers may be worn either wide or of medium cut, as best suits the figure of the wearer.

The fall top-coat that bears the seal of fashionable approval is one that rolls softly to the bottom. It should extend to the top of the knee-cap and for men for average height will be thirty-seven or thirty-eight inches. While this coat is designed to show the shape of the body, there is a becoming looseness about it that precludes all idea of cramped fit. The collar and lapels are small and the sleeves a happy medium between fullness and tightness. The edges are double stitched with silk and the coat is silk lined and faced with silk to the button-holes. With this overcoat especially when worn open the double-breasted frock coat may be worn. In such event a combination likely to be favored by fine dressers is a top-coat of diagonal worsted in some dark shade of blue or drab, with the frock of wide-wale or medium-wale worsted and trousers of a pronounced stripe. The trousers should be rather less in dimension than the average, and should be finished with plain side seams. The vest should be of the same material as the frock coat, with an opening of 14 or 15 inches and a notched collar.

THE MAIDS OF MOZAMBIQUE.

The maids of Mozambique
They sport a certain strique
Of first-class female chique;
They comb out the luscious tique,
Which makes them fat and slique,
But though they look so Mique,
Their breath it makes me wique,
Those maids of Mozambique.

These maids of Mozambique;
I've heard that in afrique
Of fancy that whole clique
Slip sadly away sadique.
The wash-hole in the crique;
They splash around and shrique,
Then homeward softly snique,
These maids of Mozambique.

These maids of Mozambique
Sit in the choir and squique
On sunday's awful mystique;
They have so wise they pique
In Latin and in Grique.
And yet, their spite and piqué
On other maids they suique,
These maids of Mozambique!

—MONTGOMERY M. FOLSOM.

EYES OF GREAT MEN.

People of the Highest Civilization Have Eyes of Blue or Gray.

An occulist who has made the human eye a study for thirty years, and who has examined many famous men's eyes, declared the other day, says the Philadelphia *Press*, that the "thoroughbred American" eye was steel blue in color.

"Would you say that black eyed and browned eyed men are deficient in intellect?"

"Not that, to be sure, since history has afforded some examples of able men whose eyes possessed this pigment. But, undeniably, among the people of higher civilization eyes grow lighter in hue, and there are to-day far more blue-eyed persons than there were a century ago. It will be at once in order to inquire the color of the eyes of Bismarck, Gladstone, Huxley, Virchow, Buchner, Renan, in fact, any of the living great, as well as the great army of the dead who in life distinguished themselves, you will learn that most of them have, or had, eyes of blue or gray. It has seemed to me that the pigment is in the way; that it obscures the objects presented to the visual organ, and that the aspiring mind, seeking the greatest light, casts it off."

Forty Proverbs of the Sea.

The United Service.

He who would learn to pray should go to sea.

When one falls into the sea he stays there.

When you walk, pray once; when you go to sea, pray twice; when you go to be married, pray three times.

Women are ships and must be manned.

The sea refuses no river.

All the rivers go to the sea, and it never overruns.

The sea is not soiled because a dog stirs it up.

To a drunk man the sea only reaches to the knees.

If the sea boiled, where would one go to find water to cool it?

What comes by starboard goes by larboard.

Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle.

He that will not sail till he have a full, fair wind will lose many a voyage.

Unless you have the wind astern you must know how to navigate.

You cannot sail as you would, but as the wind blows.

In a calm sea, every man is a pilot.

You a rotten ship every wind is contrary.

What fear would he have of the waves who had Noah for a pilot?

Every sea, creat as it is, grows calm.

A large sea needs much water.

Where the ship can go the brigantine can go.

It is easier to get away from the bank than from the bottom.

The ship which doesn't mind her helm will mind the hidden rocks.

He who can steer need not row.

It will not do to have two mainmasts to a ship.

Better lose an anchor than the whole ship.

Good roller, good sailer.

Do good and cast it into the sea; if the fish ignore it, God will know it.

If clouds look like they had been scratched by a hen, get ready to reef your topsails then.

The full moon eats clouds.

He who sends a mean man to sea will get neither fish nor thanks.

Every port serves in a gale.

A mariner must have his eyes on the rocks and sands as well as on the north star.

Ill goes the boat without oars.

From the boat we go to the ship.

Don't judge of the ship from the land.

The freshest and sweetest fish come from the saltest sea.

No one can complain of the sea who has been twice shipwrecked.

He gets his passage for nothing and winks at the captain's wife.

The sea isn't burning.

He that is embarked with the devil must sail with him.

How Nature Defeated Him.

The Boston *Globe* says of the late "Sunset" Cox: "He was very short of stature, and painfully sensitive about it. Therein was the cut of General Butler's memorable rejoinder when attacked by a member from New York: 'Shoo, fly, don't bother me,' and when Mr. Cox once remarked, as he sailed into Robeson of New Jersey, 'I would not add a feather's weight to the burdens that already bend the shoulders of the gentleman on the other side,' the ex-secretary of the Navy stung him by crying back: 'Oh, come on; I don't care for a feather-weight.' The soles of Mr. Cox's shoes were always of full double thickness, in order that he should gain even that little in height. He has said that if he had been three inches taller he would have become Speaker of the House, and he has sorrowfully confessed to his friends that the playful humor which he could not repress in his nature had cost him his chance to be President of the United States."

HOW TO CONTROL HIM.

Man is a Stubborn Animal, but Can be Conquered by Woman.

How to control man is a nice but not a difficult problem. The average man, and it is folly to waste time on one below average intelligence and culture, is mentally and morally amenable to improvement. He is a well-meaning, pig-headed, thoughtless creature, but he is fearless, loyal and responsive to good influence. Civilization has made man a warring animal, aggressive and domineering. It was once a measurement of physical strength between man and man, now it is a measurement of brain against brain. Men, since time began, have heard themselves and that for which they stood reviled and abused.

Men are used to opposition. Antagonism spurs them on, rouses the fight. Antagonism only hastens the evil it would divert. Men are unused to kindness. Admiration tickles them, and praise bewilders them. The man who goes to battle mighty in the armor of his wrath, is laid low when his enemy burns incense instead of powder. The foundation of matrimonial comfort must be laid at the very beginning. Nowhere is delay so dangerous. Solomon, to whom we are all indebted, never said a wiser thing than "Whoso ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city." Consequently a quick and exacting, or a jealous, selfish or silly woman must lose the day, and put up with an irritable and indifferent husband. Praise at the right time, and for the right thing is the secret of power over a man. This praise, however, must not be thrown out indiscriminately or in solid chunks. It must be opportune and delicately minced and seasoned. One does not fish for crabs with a quarter of beef. Just as much as the crab can grasp at one time is the rule.

A woman must not only hold between herself and her lord the velvet shield of silence and patience, but she must encircle his neck with a silken lasso of diplomatic speech. Being unused to all flattery and praise, he is necessarily susceptible. Don't flatter a man on his personal appearance. The moment you make him conscious of good looks, you have developed the poser or the masher. Assure him tenderly, however, that, though not an Apollo, his appearance suits you. Point out to him the weakness of other men, and tell him how grateful you are for his freedom from such faults. Hold up before him your ideal as reflected in himself. It will stir his plastic soul with gratitude, and develop in him a mad desire to be what you have painted him. When he occasionally drops, gets cross, refuses a reasonable request, or comes home late, don't rail or weep because you have suffered. Simply look the patient martyr, betray no feeling save disappointment in this sign of his weakness. He will be consumed with regret, and scramble back to the place on the pedestal.—*Washington Post.*

QUEER THINGS IN INDUSTRY.

Shirt Making in Prison, Past and Present.

Haberdasher.

The question of employing convict labor in competition with free labor, will not stay settled, but comes to the surface perennially. For some years the shirt trade has been almost free from any practical interest in the matter, shirt making not having been a field for convict labor to any extent, except in laundrying, at which some of the convicts at Sing Sing were employed, and very bad work they did.

Under the benign influences of labor demagogues, the laws of this state governing the employment of convict labor are in such a state of fluility that constant change is their normal condition. Just now only a certain small percentage of the convicts in the various prisons are allowed to work at any given industry. Shirt making is one of the industries permitted to be practiced, and manufacturing under the recently amended law is about to be begun on a small scale at Clinton prison, which is a state institution, and at Albany penitentiary, which is a minor prison controlled by the county.

The law allows fifty-five convicts to be employed at shirt making in the Albany penitentiary, and the contract for their service has just been awarded to an Albany man, who pays the state twenty cents per dozen for shirts made by the convicts. For the present fifteen women and twenty men will be employed. The term of the contract is for six months.

A company at Warrensburg have contracted for the labor of the shirt-making convicts in Clinton prison, and machinery is now being put in for the purpose.

There has been some very queer legislation about the employment of convict labor, and for some years there have been stringent laws against the importation into this state of prison-made articles made in other states. One provision of the law required that all articles so made should be distinctly branded "Prison made," and a penalty of $500 fine was provided against the violation of this provision. Notwithstanding this, many thousand prison-made shirts without any such distinguishing mark were annually brought into and consumed in this state.

The ingenious and saintly D. F. Downs, now a sojourner in parts unknown, was a party to this violation of the law, and Downs & Finch stood for years in danger of unpleasant and expensive legal entanglement. New Jersey, not yet being the prey of labor demagogues, unlike New York, is not unwilling to make her convicts work for a living, and a very considerable part of her convict population has been employed in shirt making. Until the late smash Downs & Finch employed several hundred convicts in the state prison at Trenton, and many others at reformatories, and all their vast prison-made product is poured into New York, without in any way complying with the laws of that state.

There are several reasons why Downs & Finch were able to ignore this law. The principal one was that the law was clearly unconstitutional, and that the state officials were therefore indifferent about its enforcement. Another reason was that none of their shirts were finished in prison, but were trimmed outside. Being, therefore, only partly made in prison, they would doubtless have slipped through the meshes of a law drawn too broadly.

Scott's EMULSION OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is acknowledged by Physician to be the *Finest* and *Best* preparation for the relief of *CONSUMPTION, SCROFULAGE, ERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.*

ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

MUSIC SELF TAUGHT. PROF. RICE'S SELF-TEACHING SYSTEM. All can learn music without the aid of a teacher. Rapid, correct. Established 15 years. Notes, chords, accompaniments, thorough bass, lyric, etc. Ten Lessons 10c. Circulars free. U. S. RICE MUSIC CO., 243 State Street, CHICAGO.

Buy Clothing

With this Hanger on the Coats.

VERMONT GREYS THE CLOTH IN THIS GARMENT WAS MANUFACTURED BY A. G. DEWEY & CO.

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Absolutely enfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"None Better"

THAN Ayer's Pills to cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the appetite, and help the assimilative process to make good blood. In this way, they prove beneficial in rheumatism, neuralgia, and other disturbances of the nervous system.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"We have used Ayer's Pills many years, and think them a very excellent family aperient."—A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn.

"I was troubled with sick headache for ten years, but was finally cured by using Ayer's Pills."—P. J. Haag, Scott, Wisconsin.

"I was afflicted for years with rheumatism. The best of medical skill failed to give me relief. I finally began to take

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

and am now well."—D. S. Osborn, South Norwalk, Conn.

Prepared by

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 110,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE postmaster at New Orleans, after much experience with delays and losses in the mails, gave the following instructions, which, if closely followed, will add greatly to the smoothness and quickness of the clerical work at postoffices, and reduce losses to a minimum number:

1. Address mail matter legibly and fully. Give name of postoffice and state in full, street and house number, or box number. If the office be a small one, add the name of the county.
2. Put your name and address upon left hand upper corner of all matter mailed by you.
3. On foreign letters always place the name of the county in full.
4. Do not use thin envelopes; see that the letter is well sealed.
5. Register all valuable letters.
6. Send money by money order.
7. If your mail is delivered by carrier, provide a letter-box at your residence or place of business.
8. Affix stamps securely and on the upper right-hand corner.
9. Upon the corner of envelopes supplied by hotels direct what disposal shall be made of letters if undelivered.

It is plain to every thinking man that the attempts so far of the opposition to throw discredit on President HARRISON'S administration have been without adequate cause. The plain fact is that it has not afforded any real ground for criticism. It is just in all things, and eminently satisfactory, not only to the Republican party, but to the people generally. It is safely conservative, and not inclined to try hazardous experiments. The real cause of disquiet among the Democrats is that they can see no hope of division in the Republican ranks, and hence no probability of their own return to power in the national government. Sneering at HARRISON because he loves his grandchild is not an effective political argument in the homes of the American people.

A CHURCH periodical makes the suggestion that it would be a very good thing to shift Thanksgiving from the last Thursday in November, a purely forfuitous and conventional date, to October 12,—the anniversary of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS'S landing on the soil of the New World. Like a great many other suggestions, it is a good one, but utterly impractical. The last Thursday of November has become consecrated to the observance of Thanksgiving Day for so long a time that the memories and associations clustering about it form an insuperable obstacle to the proposed change. Sentiment is often the bulwark of conservatism.

SOME of the wiser of the Democratic papers seem to feel that something must be done to lift the burden of responsibility for the oppression shown by WM L. SCOTT, of Erie, Pa., the free trader and close friend of GROVER CLEVELAND, and a leading "coal baron," toward the starving coal miners at the Spring Valley coal mines. Here, for instance, is the St. Louis *Republic* (Democrat) telling SCOTT to look out for his reputation, or "he will find it revised and enlarged into that of one of the worst flint-skinners among the plutocrats of the country."

THE *Washington Sentinel* is the organ of the liquor interest at the capital. It urges that interest in Ohio to support CAMPBELL for the following reason:

Hon. James E. Campbell, the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, should receive the vote of every friend of personal liberty for the services he has rendered in and out of Congress to the cause of personal liberty. During the last two Congresses Mr. Campbell was chairman of the alcoholic liquor traffic committee of the House. He was selected by speaker Carlisle for that honor because he was trustworthy and reliable. During all that time that committee has done the cause no harm, though there is no doubt that but for that committee both Congresses would have passed iniquitous bills.

THE Supreme court of Indiana has rendered a decision which puts bicycles on the public roads on exactly the same footing as other vehicles. It is held that bicyclists cannot be made accountable for damages resulting from horses becoming frightened at their wheels, if such runaways occur while they are riding upon the highway and are doing nothing which shows a lack of regard for the rights of others. This is good law and good sense.

THE difference is thus explained by the Iowa *State Register:* When President CLEVELAND found that he had made a mistake in the appointment of GARLAND, he kept him. When President HARRISON found that he had made a mistake in the appointment of TANNER, he let him go. This is the difference between Democratic and Republican ideas of official responsibility.

DEMOCRATIC rule is costly. The state treasurer of Louisiana and some of his friends have overissued state bonds to the tune of $800,000, and pocketed the proceeds.

WHY PROHIBITION ATTACKS THE DRUNKARD-MAKERS FIRST.

Occasionally a wail goes up from some devotee of the Rum Power because Prohibition is aimed at the suppression of the Rum traffic; and it is speciously argued that if men did not desire to drink, there would be no saloons; that the latter exist merely because of the demand for Rum as a beverage, and that it is unjust and oppressive to wage war against saloons and the liquor traffic generally, instead of against the men who drink. There are few people, we imagine, who do not understand the real state of the case. Prohibition wages war on the Rum traffic, and consequently on the saloons, because it is practicable to crush the traffic by law, and it is not practicable to stop the habit of dram-drinking by legal means so long as the opportunity of indulging it exists. The cure or the prevention of drunkenness in the individual must lie with the church and the family, not with the law. While drunkenness is an offense against good order, and hence subject to the police power of the state, it is to be remembered that drunkenness comes as a result of a course of drinking; it is the culmination of the education of the saloon. The advocates of Prohibition propose to wage war on the drunkard-makers, instead of on their victims.

It is false, also, that the saloon exists merely to supply the demands of men who desire to drink. True, they do this; but they do a great deal more. They induce young men and boys to begin the habit of drinking—a habit that a great majority would never take up were it not for the existence of the saloons. Man is a gregarious animal. He loves to mingle with his fellows. The saloon offers itself as a free club-house. It affords light, and warmth, and company. There are many men who, when the day's labor is over, like to seek the companionship of others. Their own homes are possibly not as cheerful as they might be. And every city is full of young men whose only homes are in boarding-houses. The brightly-lighted saloon with its warmth, and gay, even boisterous, company, is more attractive than the dreary boarding-house parlor or the chilly chamber in which the hours devoted to sleep are passed. What wonder that there are thousands who drift into saloons, not in order to drink, but for the sake of society? But the young men soon learn that the saloon expects its visitors to pay their footing. It is easier to buy a glass of beer—and then drink it—than to feel that your presence is unwelcome. So the habit of drinking is begun. Who can tell what the end may be?

It is perfectly true that probably no young man takes his first glass with the intention of ever becoming a slave to Rum. No one ever starts out in life with the intention of becoming a drunkard. But the tangible fact that there is to-day a vast army of drunkards in the United States shows conclusively that all men are not their own masters. The approaches of this vice are so insidious, the steps are so gradual, that thousands have trodden the road without being conscious of their danger, and only realized their situation when the drink habit had become so firmly fixed that it had mastered them. The saloons are responsible for this state of things. They are the drunkard-makers. "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to him by whom the offence cometh!" Is not he who affords the opportunity for man to fall into temptation, who smooths the path to ruin, morally guilty of the downfall of the erring ones? Tried by this standard, the saloon must be adjudged guilty. Not one man in a hundred of all those who are the victims of Rum to-day would ever have acquired the drink habit had there been no such an institution as the saloon—no easy mode of becoming accustomed to drink.

It is one of the most deadly properties of that slow poison, alcohol, that it gradually sets up a depraved appetite in the diseased and altered tissues of the body; it creates a thirst that nothing can allay but more alcohol. A drunkard once, in describing the pangs he suffered from this awful Rum-thirst, said: "When the desire is on me, if a glass of whisky were placed within reach, and I were perfectly certain that if I drank it I should be struck dead within a minute, I would take it without an instant's hesitation!" This is one of the ghastly incidents of a drnkard's career that the apologists for and defenders of the saloon suffer to rest in discreet silence. But it is a fact that should be firmly impressed upon the mind of every boy, that should be taught in every school room and thundered from every pulpit, that any indulgence, even moderate, in Rum in any form, is liable to set up this drink-thirst; and when it is once established, the victim is no longer his own master. The horrible craving of this damnable thirst can be assuaged only by more Rum; and this in turn increases the diseased condition of the body, and renders the craving still more irresistible. The only refuge is the grave. Life is one long scene of temptation and yielding thereto.

Is it not plain to every thinking man, then, that for a vast number of those who constitute the present generation of drinking men, there is not much hope of any reform so long as there are any possible means by which they can obtain Rum? To attempt to reform drunkards and allow the saloons to remain open is simply to play a farce. All efforts will be futile so long as temptation is open on every hand for further indulgence. And when to this consideration is added the greater evil, that the saloon is the drunkard-maker, is not the fallacy of the cry of the Rum apologists against Prohibition fully and completely exposed? The war is properly waged directly against the drunkard-makers; for if they are swept away, no more men will fall, and there will then be some hope of succeeding in the work of battling against drunkenness in the individual. With the opportunity for indulgence taken away, if there is any moral strength remaining in the victim there is some hope of his reclamation; with the Rum traffic still in existence, there is practically none.

Besides, the overthrow of the Rum traffic is the shortest way of curing drunkenness. Aside from proper guidance in youth, and the building up of a firm and consistent moral character that is proof against the tawdry temptations of the saloon, there is no way of reaching the individual. The law can not take cognizance of drinking in the individual, so long as the traffic is allowed, no matter under what restrictions, until Rum has become his master, and he a drunkard. Then it can punish him, not for drinking, but for getting drunk and transgressing public order while in that condition. But there is one practical way of solving the problem thus presented, and that is the method of Prohibition. Prohibit the manufacture and sale, and you certainly stop drunkenness; and it is only the practical mode of doing it. The most urgent need of the age is that this great fact be brought home to the minds and consciences of at least a majority of the voters of the United States, so that they will unite in one grand effort, through Prohibition, to crush out the saloon, cure drunkenness and at the same time

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Sultan of Zanzibar has decided to abolish the slave trade in his dominions. With the source of supply of African slaves for Persia and Turkey thus largely cut off, there is hope of the extinction of the traffic in human flesh in the Old World.

NEXT WEEK!

We Shall Begin a New Serial Romance of Bible Times,

Which will Run Some Ten Weeks in the Blade,

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

The Famous German Egyptologist and Noted Writer.

A Feature That Must Certainly Please Our Patrons.

In the next issue of THE BLADE we shall inaugurate a new and most attractive departure in newspaper literature, by beginning the publication of a romance of Bible times, entitled:

JOSHUA;

A Novel of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

The author is Professor GEORG EBERS, the famous German Egyptologist, and the author of the powerful historical romances, "Serapis," "Uarda" and "An Egyptian Princess," all of which have been translated into English and had a wide sale in both Great Britain and this country.

Prof. EBERS has made special studies of the journey of the Israelites from Egypt to Palestine. He wrote "Through Goshen to Sinai," and "Palestine: Descriptive, Historical and Picturesque." He has twice traveled over the route of the forty years' wanderings in the wilderness.

The subject of the new story, "Joshua," has thoroughly absorbed him. The scene of crossing the Red Sea, he regards as the strongest piece of work he has ever done. He has aimed at large movement, the big sweeps of vast bodies of men, and has produced a novel on a large, a graphic plan. The story opens in the time of a plague, and the first chapters are picturesque and dramatic. Pharaoh is introduced in one of the early chapters.

Here is a story in which every BLADE reader will most certainly be interested. It is one that every Christian parent will be anxious that his children shall read. We believe this feature will prove novel and attractive, as well as instructive and interesting. Don't fail to read it from the beginning.

"Joshua" will run through some ten numbers of THE BLADE, and may be followed by other Biblical stories, if proper arrangements can be made.

IT is a strange thing that the American people torment all prominent men, especially those holding office, with letters. This has been the case with the President always, but Mr. HARRISON is an especial sufferer. People write to him on all sorts of subjects, in place of addressing the proper departmental official. Nine out of every ten men seem to have the singular conceit that their own personal matters are of such surpassing importance that the President himself will take time to attend to them personally. The rule at the White House is to acknowledge the receipt of all letters, and to indicate the direction in which they have been disposed of—for the vast majority are referred to the departments to which they properly belong. But the mail has grown to be so enormous that something had to be done for relief. So Private Secretary HALFORD, a short time ago, sent down to the government printing office, and had a series of blank replies struck off. They were set up to imitate a type-written letter, and printed with a grayish ink, so that the imitation is a remarkably close one. The signature, however, is genuine.

SPEAKING of the candidacy of Gen. CHARLES E. BROWN, of Cincinnati, for appointment as Commissioner of Pensions, the Cincinnati *Times-Star* says of that gentleman:

He was a gallant soldier. He served his country with all the vim of his early manhood, going with Sherman on that wonderful march down the Western & Atlantic railroad, and fighting daily in that great campaign, until at length, when the army had almost reached the goal of its ambition, and was battling for Atlanta, he lost a leg. Terribly wounded, he lay upon the battlefield for hours. And when at last the surgeons found him they proposed to pass on, saying it was useless to waste time with a man who was already marked with the shadow of death. But they did stay long enough to amputate what was left of the shattered limb; and after months of suffering the young soldier was able to be out again. Since that time when he so nearly lost his life for his country he has done public service in various capacities. The people of the Second Ohio district know how well he looked after their interests in Congress. As Commissioner of Pensions he would be faithful to his trust. Certainly the old soldiers could find no objection to him, while his appointment would be eminently satisfactory to the public.

CAMPBELL'S personal character is not in issue in this campaign, but he will certainly be judged by the company he keeps. The men who are managing his campaign, and who are will be the beneficiaries by his success if he should be elected, are the same persons who were referred to by ex-Gov. HOADLY, in his remarks at the banquet tendered him at Cincinnati on February 27, 1887, just before his removal to New York, when he said:

One trouble with the Democracy of Hamilton county is that they have learned the trick of changing the ballots after they have been put in the box. The Democracy of Hamilton county must take a new departure. Letting the past alone, and looking only to the future, the duty of the Democracy of Hamilton county is this: Never again, never again allow an honorable man to contemplate, as I had to with shame, fifty names accredited with votes I never received in the Fourth ward, and my friend, Judge Foraker, in precinct A, Fourth ward, accredited with only 45, whon he certainly received nearly 200.

HOW THEY LIKE THE BLADE STOVE.

We are beginning to hear from those of our subscribers who have accepted our stove offer and obtained one. Here is a sample letter from Morrison, Grundy county, Iowa. It is written under date of September 23:

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of your stove. I am well pleased with it, and do not think any one need be afraid to order one, if needed. The freight on mine was only $1.65 from Toledo. Long live the good old BLADE!

WILLIAM STUMBAUGH.

We shall be pleased to hear from all who get a stove, or either of the sets of chinaware we offer. Write and tell us how you like them.

THERE is some talk of sending THEODORE ROOSEVELT to the United States Senate from North Dakota. His nominal residence is in New York, but he has a cattle ranch in North Dakota, and spends the greater portion of his time there. His selection as Senator for the new state would be a most admirable one. He is brainy, well-educated, strong in character, a progressive Republican, and an honest civil service reformer.

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

There are a great many good people who think the tariff question is one not only extremely complex, but very difficult of comprehension. This erroneous belief has been largely the result of the sophistries of free trade advocates, who seek to make a science of a matter which is one of policy rather than of principle. The tariff question is not hard of comprehension. On the contrary, it is remarkably easy. It is not a matter capable of being settled in the same way by any and every country in the world. On the contrary, free trade is undoubtedly an excellent economic policy for Great Britain—and probably better for her than a policy of protection; but it by no means follows that it would be equally excellent for the United States, or for any other country. That is a question that must be settled by the material conditions existing, and not by abstract theorizing.

Why is free trade the better policy, all things considered, for Great Britain? Let us examine its status. It is an island off the northwestern coast of Europe. Its area is so small, compared with its population, that it is an impossibility to produce sufficient food for the people. Hence food products must be imported in vast quantities; and in order to furnish the people with something to eat as cheaply as possible, it is necessary that there be no restriction, by tariff or otherwise, on the importation. Again, Great Britain must have something to sell, in order to get the money to pay for her food importations. The country has no resources in the way of natural products, save iron, coal and tin; hence its policy is to become the world's manufacturer, obtaining the raw materials, which it is not able to produce, from more favored lands, working them up into finished products, and selling them back again. In order to do this, and undersell other nations, there can be no tariffs to restrict these importations; labor must be cheap, and commerce must be fostered in every possible way.

Deficient in natural resources, save in fuel; unable to produce enough food for her population; an island with navigable rivers and numerous harbors, and hence naturally a maritime nation, well circumstanced for commerce, it is evident that a policy which favors commercial supremacy and an exhaustive system of foreign exchange is the one that is the best for Great Britain, taken as a whole. There is no possible economic policy that will not bear hardly upon some individuals; but the question is, not which is best for this small minority, but what is the best for the majority; and there is no reasonable doubt but that free trade fulfills this condition for the British people, considered as a whole. But does it follow that it would be the best for the people of the United States?

In this country the conditions are quite different. We not only raise all the food our own people require, but we have a surplus—large when considered by itself, but only about one-tenth of what we consume at home. We have all the mineral and vegetable resources needed in the industries. We have coal in abundance, and produce all the precious and useful metals. We have all the important raw materials needed. Why should we send these abroad, and import them back again when manufactured? The development of our own country in every material industry and resource is evidently the most profitable and the best for us. Great Britain of necessity must struggle to maintain a great export trade. We do not need it; although, to listen to the free trade doctrinaires, whose ideas are all imbibed from English sources, one would suppose that it is the only thing worth having.

Great Britain hopes that we shall abandon our protective policy, for it would add enormously to her foreign market to have the tariff cut down so that she could flood this country with her goods and add sixty-five million people to her customers. And our fatuous free trade theorists are demanding that we shall reduce the tariff to a point at which we can compete with British manufacturers in "the markets of the world!" Do not they know that British manufacturers consider our market the chief one in the world? that it is the prize for which they are laboring? We could not hold on our market for ourselves under a low tariff, let alone competing in foreign markets with our British competitors, unless we should cut wages to the English standard. We cannot make "cheap" goods unless we have cheap labor; and we cannot have that without a revolution in our labor system by which all men on salary or wages, whether in manufacturing or any other line of work, will have their incomes cut down from one-third to one-half.

The fraud the Democratic free trade howlers are perpetrating on the voters of this country is in assuring them that a low tariff will bring cheap goods, and at the same time wages will be kept up. Any sensible man knows this to be false. We have the alternative of keeping up our present rate of wages—the highest in the world—with goods at their present prices, or of having cheaper manufactured goods and wages cut down to the English standard. There is no middle condition possible. Either we must let things remain as they are, or change them to the English basis, low wages, poor living, pauperism and all. THE BLADE has always insisted that a tariff needs revision every few years to meet the changing conditions of production, and that the true principle for our tariff is that the duty on any imported article, the like of which can be manufactured or produced here, shall, as nearly as possible, cover the difference between the cost of the labor required to produce it here, and the cost of its production abroad. That principle enables our wage scale to be kept up, yet prevents manufacturers from obtaining exorbitant profits.

If we Americans propose to keep up the present high rate of wages in this country, which enables our working people to live more comfortably and on a higher plane than anywhere else under the sun, they must preserve the protective features of the tariff. That is the plain fact of the case. And it is to be remembered that, even with all the cheapening possible under low tariff, the low wages would not buy as much proportionally as the present wages will now. That this is true is proved amply in England. They have free trade, with all that it can possibly bring in the way of advantage; yet the testimony of the committee of workingmen sent to Europe this summer by the Scripps League is to the effect that our working people are better housed, better fed, better clothed, and have more of the comforts and the luxuries of life, than those of any European nation.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX'S new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

MAJOR WARREN has decided that he can not accept the Pension commissionership. This leaves the way clear for BROWN, of Cincinnati.

MR. LOCKE'S FOURTH LETTER.

The fourth of Mr. LOCKE'S series of North German letters, given to-day, is even more interesting to every thoughtful American reader than was that of last week, for he discusses the European idea of Sunday, and points out the radical difference that exists between our views and customs as regards Sabbath observance, and those of the Germans, which are shared by the other nations of continental Europe as well. We regard the information on this topic, contained in these letters, as very valuable to our readers, especially as the matter of Sunday observance is being agitated in many portions of the United States, particularly with regard to railways, Sunday mails, etc. Read the letter carefully. It will richly repay you.

THE OHIO OUTLOOK.

As the preliminary stage of the campaign in this state passes, and the situation as between the two parties is revealed more plainly, the more appearent it becomes that the Republicans will win if they keep wide awake, and ready for any unexpected move of the enemy. So far there is much more interest shown by the Republicans than by the Democrats. It is not often that, so early in the contest, they are such large meetings, with such exhibitions of interest, as those of Governor FORAKER have been from the first.

The point of danger is the control of the General Assembly; and here the indications are cheering for the Republicans. The nominations made by the Hamilton county Republican convention are popular ones, and the outlook is for a sweeping victory there, with the triumphant election of the three senators and nine representatives in a solid Republican delegation. In Cuyahoga county the indications are equally cheering. There is a very large class of intelligent Democrats there who will bolt CAMPBELL and the legislative ticket this year, and throw their strength to the Republicans.

The Democratic managers have made the same mistake as in the past. They trust to duplicity and treachery, to boodle and an appeal to the ignorant, and venal classes of voters. The Bourbon family were said never to learn anything from experience, and the Ohio Democratic leaders are vindicating their heirship to this unenviable incapacity. They are trusting to the same old tactics that have before led them to deserved defeat, in making war on everything that conduces to good order, public honesty and electoral purity, and pandering to the baser elements of the electorate.

They howl against the registration laws in cities, executed by non-partisan boards, and shout that they are an "usurpation" and "tyranny." The cold fact is that no devenal citizen of any of the cities embraced under the operations of the law, Democrat or Republican, would be willing to have that law repealed. It has worked admirably and effectively; has given honest elections, quietness and order at the polls, and removed all danger of fraud in the count and returns. No citizen who wishes fair play at elections would consent to the repeal of the law, or the elimination of its non-partisan features. The reason the "gang" so bitterly opposes it is because it prevents frauds like those perpetrated by the Democratic election managers in Cincinnati in 1885, and renders a repetition of the tally-sheet scoundrelism impossible.

Nor is the attempt to impugn the magnificent financial record of the Republican administration one whit more of a success as an issue. When FORAKER became governor, he had to face an empty treasury, with the paper of the state on the point of going to protest. The Democratic deficiency has been made up, the state debt has been refunded at a premium that makes the actual rate of interest only about 2.72 per cent—the lowest paid by any state in the Union—and the rate of taxation has been reduced to a lower point than it has been for about fifty years. No sensible man is going to oppose FORAKER on financial grounds, in the face of such a magnificent showing as that.

Nor are the Democrats any more fortunate with the division they hoped to see created in the Ohio Republican ranks by the removal of Pension Commissioner TANNER. It is clear now that no trouble will be created by it. All sensible men—and Ohio Republicans are built that way—know that the present administration means to deal justly as well as liberally with veterans of the late war. The Cabinet and President must be allowed to shape the policy of the various departments, and if a subordinate official can not work in harmony with such policy, good sense would dictate the retirement of such subordinate. Mr. TANNER can not become an issue in the Ohio campaign.

The drift of public sentiment is certainly toward the Republican cause. The average Ohio voter is not a scalawag, and hence can not be persuaded to vote the Democratic ticket in order to give the DAN DALTON ALLEN O. MYERS gang the power again to stuff ballot-boxes, "switch" tickets and alter tally-sheets to defeat the will of the people; nor is the Ohio voter a fool that he will be induced to vote for Democratic ascendency in state affairs, on the humbugging plea of "extravagance," in the face of the wild mismanagement of the HOADLY regime, and the magnificent and unequalled record of Governor FORAKER'S administration.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

SECRETARY NOBLE expressed the following views on pension matters to a newspaper correspondent the other day:

My own pension policy may be very briefly summed up. I was a soldier. I made my way up from the ranks. I belong to the Grand Army. I want to see every old soldier get a pension who deserves one under the law; and I want him to get the amount allowed him by the law; and I want him to get it in the exact order of time prescribed by law. And, if I am to stay where I am, everything must be done according to the law, which is so plain that there is no necessity for mistaking it.

This is certainly plain enough to have every sensible man understand that the secretary's differences with TANNER were not on the policy of the pension bureau, but on the commissioner's methods of carrying them out.

THE New York *World's* suggestion of GROVER CLEVELAND as a possible candidate for Congress in the place of "Sunset" Cox fell upon the Democratic leaders of the metropolis with a "dull, sickening thud." There was no response anywhere. No one seemed to think the action would be at all the proper caper, and the *World* has meekly withdrawn the suggestion.

IT is a matter of congratulation that the cause of popular education is progressing in the South. The Georgia legislature, by a strong vote, has passed a bill doubling the length of the school term and increasing the appropriations accordingly. This will give six months' school.

THE Democrats of Maryland are disturbed by the resignation of State Senator elect SOMMERWELL, who announces his disgust with the Gorman tactics, and says that he will, hereafter, act with the Republican party. His district will go with him.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The report of the Commissioner of Education, filed with the secretary of the Interior, contains some very interesting facts and deductions. By an analysis of the public school statistics for the decade of 1876-77 to 1886 87, it is showed that the public school system outstripped during that period the growth of population, the excess of the increase of enrolment over the increase in population, between the ages of 6 and 14, being 1.6 per cent. This gain, the report says, is due entirely to the progress of the public schools in the South, where the increase of enrolment shows an excess over the increase of population probably never before paralleled in a country so long settled. The sentiment in favor of free schools supported by public funds is becoming each year more universally prevalent in the Southern tier.

In discussing the conditions affecting public education in our country the Commissioner reminds us that the necessity of the Southern states are under of maintaining two separate systems should ever be borne in mind. It is apparent that these states are at present the least able to maintain one system in an efficient manner. The statistics show that about 64 per cent of the white population of school age in the Southern states is enrolled, while of the colored population only about 53 per cent.

In the course of his remarks upon the public schools in our principal cities, the commissioner says:

In no department of city school work is improvement more manifest than in the primary schools, and this for the reason, perhaps, that in them there was the greatest room for improvement. The number of cities in which the inexperienced teachers are habitually assigned to the instruction of the youngest children is rapidly diminishing; indeed, in many places the primary pupils are now taught by the most efficient of the teaching force. This fact, coupled with the increased popularity of Kindergarten methods, has resulted in a wonderful advance in the quality of primary instruction.

SENATOR SHERMAN TELLS WHY OHIO WILL GO REPUBLICAN.

The editor of an Urbana, O., paper wrote to Senator SHERMAN asking him to state the reasons why Ohio will and should go Republican this fall. The Senator's reply is given below, and it will be seen to contain material for careful consideration on the part of every voter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 23.—If I were to make a summary of all the reasons for Republican success in Ohio this fall it would fill your columns, but in response to your note I give a few sufficient reasons.

1. The election of the last Democratic governor and legislature in Ohio was carried by the most shameless frauds, practiced not only against the Republican party, but against the leading Democrats of the state, including Senator Pendleton. The men who committed these frauds are still the active agents of the party, and would, but for recent Republican legislation, repeat the same methods of success.

2. The senator chosen by that legislature was elected by the aid of the most shameless bribery and corruption. I do not say that it was done by him, but it was done in his interest, and is a part of the acknowledged history of our state.

3. By the action of the legislature, and in its failure to act, the finances of the state were disordered, the state credit was impaired, and heavy deficiencies have been accumulated, to plague the following legislature.

4. That at the succeeding election of a legislature in 1885, the Democratic party resorted to concerted fraud and forgery in the cities of Cincinnati and Columbus to defeat the choice of the people. These crimes have been clearly proven and exposed, but the perpetrators have not been punished, and many of them would be the beneficiaries if the Democratic party should succeed this fall.

5. That the two succeeding Republican legislatures have passed many wise laws, among others to secure the freedom of elections, to strengthen our financial position, to promote economy in public expenditures, and, generally, to purify the management of our public institutions.

6. That the election of a Democratic governor and legislature this fall would be a condemnation of the acts I have mentioned, and lead to the reversal and repeal of all the remedial measures of the last two legislatures. Very truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

A JUST PENSION BASIS.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at its recent session in Cincinnati, adopted a resolution concerning pensions, which is of interest at the present time, not only because of the attacks made on the pension system in its entirety by the Democratic and mugwump press, but also because of the Commissioner TANNER affair. The resolution reads thus:

Resolved, That we favor the most liberal provision by law for pensioning the old soldiers who saved the Union.

The disabled soldiers and their widows, orphans and dependent parents, should not be neglected.

The old soldiers who have been unable to make their way in the world, and who now find themselves destitute and incapable of making a living, should be provided for.

These pensions should be granted graciously and paid freely, and we earnestly commend the subject to the consideration of Congress.

It will be seen that the policy suggested is the same as that advocated by THE BLADE—making disability on the part of the soldier the basis for granting the pension, and extending the benefits to soldiers' widows, orphans and dependent parents. And it is altogether proper that such pensions should be "granted graciously and paid freely"—not construing the law so as to make it difficult to prove the deserving applicant worthy of its benefits, nor putting him to needless trouble in securing it. The pension platform of the comrades of the Army of the Tennessee will certainly meet the indorsement of every patriotic citizen and every self-respecting veteran.

IOWA is a solid Republican state, and has always been so. The results of her political enlightenment are to be seen in the following facts: Only 1 per cent of her population are unable to read and write. Her state tax levy is only 2¼ mills. The lowest taxes and the smallest per cent of illiteracy are two factors in her great general prosperity. The state does not owe a dollar of interest-bearing debt. Every dollar put into her public improvements has been honestly expended. The showing is excellent for a state that half a century ago was a lonely prairie, save for a few scattered settlements along the river. And it is a fact, admitted by the people of Iowa themselves, that the state owes all that she has become to the wisdom and energy of the party that has been in control of her affairs and given its tone to her public sentiment.

THE committee to investigate arid lands and the possibilities of their irrigation, has closed its tour, having visited North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, of every state and territory in which there are arid lands. They held 80 meetings and heard over 200 witnesses. The arid land that can be irrigated and thus made productive will include in all over 100,000,000 acres. Congress is to be asked to make appropriations for the survey of these arid lands with a view to the construction of great reservoirs and ditches for their irrigation. The scheme is stupendous, but nothing is too great for Americans to undertake.

COL. E. M. LOWE, of Fairfax county, Virginia, has abondoned the Bourbons, after thirty years of service in their ranks, and comes out in favor of the election of MAHONE for governor. Col. LOWE sensibly says of the "negro supremacy" scare which the desperate Democrats are trying to work, that "the negroes have no more desire or expectation of ruling the country than the Democrats of Virginia have of ruling Rome."

THE European press is hostile to the coming International Congress of American nations, and teems with articles intended to prejudice our southern neighbors against this country. All the same the congress will go on, however.

SUGAR Trust certificates are going down in price on Wall street—a fact due to the approach of the meeting of Congress, and the feeling that this trust will be smashed by legislation.

COL. KNOX'S STORY.

A Powerful and Vividly-Written Temperance Tale,

Written Expressly for the Readers of the Blade.

ITS SCOPE AND AIMS

Partially Set Forth in the Announcement Below.

Read it and Help to Circulate it Among Your Friends.

Very Truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

We are glad to announce to the half-million readers of THE BLADE that, at some date not yet fixed between now and the early part of December, we shall begin the publication of a new serial story, written expressly for THE BLADE, entitled:

TEETOTALER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

About one-third of the story is finished, and the author is busily engaged in bringing it to completion. The scene opens in New England, afterwards shifts to the city of New York, and later changes to scenes of foreign travel, on ground with which Col. KNOX is thoroughly familiar. Many of the most powerful scenes and incidents are literally true, the veil of fiction being thrown over the names of persons and places only.

It is a powerful temperance story, told in a new way. In its course it explains the physical effects of Rum; it teaches the moral effects of drinking; it explains the effects of beer upon the human system, as well as those of spirituous or distilled liquors; and it teaches, most emphatically and truthfully, that there is no safety save in following the old rule of "Touch not, taste not."

While it is an absorbingly interesting story, and one which will interest every reader from the very start, it is also the most powerful argument against beer-drinking that has ever been written. For years THE BLADE has been the most bitter enemy of the brewers, and we have had this story written with a view to teach both young and old, in a practical and interesting way, the danger that lurks in that vile brewery slop named beer; and this story, "Teetotaller Dick," will prove a thunderbolt that will create no little sensation.

We can assure every parent that the story is strong and pure, and while very interesting, especially to the young, it contains nothing that even the most careful father or mother need hesitate to allow children to read. We have been especially careful upon this point.

Will You Aid the Cause of Temperance?

If the people are to be rescued from the awful curse of intemperance, we must begin with the youth of the nation, and set before them clearly the dangers, physical and moral, of indulgence in drink. "Teetotaller Dick" does this, and does it well. Will you aid us in obtaining as wide a circulation as possible for it, by sending to us a list of names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who, with their families, ought to read Col. KNOX'S new story? Send them *at once*, and we will gladly mail them free sample copies of THE BLADE containing the announcement. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. We will consider it a personal favor if you will do so.

THE Southern Bourbons tell us that the negroes largely vote the Democratic ticket, and that to allow fair elections in the South would result in "nigger domination." These two statements do not consist; but consistency was never known in Bourbon logic.

RAILWAY earnings so far this year are about 12 per cent greater than for the same period of 1888, and the bank clearances are also largely in excess. These two items are indicative of steady, safe and prosperous business.

CHINA appears to be in earnest in the intention to expel every American now in that country, in retaliation for the exclusion policy enforced here. However, in that case, China herself will be the loser instead of ourselves.

THERE is an exceptionally large increase in the number of students matriculated at our colleges this fall, which is an unerring indication of prosperity among the people.

THE Chinese are playing in hard luck lately. Ecuador has slammed the door of that republic in their faces.

MAHONE has opened the Republican campaign in Virginia, and the Bourbons are quaking.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Mr. Vanderbilt pays his London chef $15,000 a year.

General Boulanger is now the fond grandfather of a little boy.

Mrs. J. Redding, editor of the *Art Journal*, is an expert bicycle rider.

M. Coquelin's play, written by himself, will be given this week in Paris.

Senator Hoar's library is one of the finest private collections at the capital.

The girls of Alaska are ready for society as soon as they reach their teens.

Fremont, O., proposes to establish a school in honor of Mrs. R. B. Hayes.

Miss Frances Willard is one of the board of trustees of Mt. Union College, Ohio.

The Woman's National Press association intends to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hayes.

Women have recently been elected members of the school board at Jamestown, N. Y.

Lady Colin Campbell, a sister-in-law of the daughter of Queen Victoria, is an accomplished journalist.

Douglas Sloane while in Paris purchased at the Exposition four pairs of curtains, for which he paid $16,000.

A handkerchief in the possession of the Czarina is said to have cost $2,500. It took seven years to make it.

Some two or three weeks ago a woman in Baker county, Fla., gave birth to a child, and 24 hours later to another.

A. M. Britten, of Bancroft, Mich., is the owner of a pear tree which is now ripening its second crop for this season.

More books and magazines in English are now read in Paris than

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

IV.

UNDAY in Hamburg is a revelation to the American whose ideas of the day of rest were formed on the orthodox plan. We instinctively associate Sunday with a quiet walk to church in the morning, a sermon of more or less excellence, a quiet dinner, and the afternoon devoted to the reading of some standard author. In the evening, a light supper and then church and an early bed.

There are, of course, worldly minded people on pleasure bent, who will vary the proceedings in the afternoon by carriage drives, or informal calls upon relatives or intimate friends, and there are people who will go so far as to attend a so-called sacred concert. But as a rule, the idea with us is that Sunday shall be given over, as entirely as may be, to the observance of the day according to the written and unwritten laws that designate with great exactness that which is and is not proper to be done.

These laws, were they written in words of fire on slabs of marble, would have but little effect in Germany. The German idea of Sunday is a day of rest *and* recreation. It includes religious observances as well. In the morning you will see father and mother and the children going quietly to church, and on the afternoon of that same day you will see the same father and mother and children sitting under the trees in a beautiful park, listening to a fine orchestra playing selections from a favorite opera. Before each member of the family you will see a great glass of beer, which will be frequently replenished during the afternoon.

In the evening it is more than likely that the whole family will go to an opera or a comedy, or even to a circus. In Hamburg there are two performances at the circus every Sunday, and on both occasions the enormous building is packed from top to bottom by a well-dressed, fashionable audience. It is an enthusiastic audience, too. The bareback riding is applauded to the echo. The clowns, with their aged and decrepit jokes, elicit rounds of applause. The trick horses are rapturously received, and the gymnastic performances are repeated time and again before the delighted audience will be satisfied. A novelty in the circus line is the introduction of a second part, which consists, this season, of a ballet, representing the flight of the swallows, the approach of winter; scenes on the ice, introducing fancy and grotesque skating, snowballing by children, winter sports and games, all interpreted by means of a large and well drilled corps de ballet. The music is quite suggestive of the various phases of the spectacle, the costumes are remarkably rich and elegant, and the danseuses are shapely of form and graceful of motion. The innovation is very popular with the Hamburg public. While the usual rule is to do in Rome as the Romans do, we made an exception to the rule and instead of going to the circus on Sunday evening visited it on the following Monday evening. We found the vast building crowded from top to bottom and were told that there had been even a larger audience present the night before.

During the evening ices are passed around the loges and in the parquette by liveried servants, and in the balconies and galleries beer is served to those who wish it. Programmes are in charge of the

DURING THE INTERMISSION.

ushers, who receive for them a gratuity of ten or twenty pfennig each. Just before the ballet there is an intermission of ten minutes and there is always a general exodus during that time. The restaurant in connection with the circus and all the beer gardens in the vicinity are immediately besieged by thirsty spectators, who linger over a glass of foaming lager until a loud-mouthed bell warns them that the intermission is over, and they troop back to their places in the amphitheater to enjoy the ballet.

The circus building is not the old familiar tent of canvas so dear to the American heart, but is a solid substantial structure of stone, iron and glass, and is one of the best known institutions in Hamburg. It is located in St. Pauli, a part of the city that merits a whole letter by itself. It is under the style of the Coliseum at Rome, with a parquette flanked all the way around by loges, each holding four persons. Above this, around the entire circle, rise tiers of seats nearly to the roof, and at the very top is the standing room, packed by boys and girls, soldiers and their sweethearts, who stand through the three hours of the performance and seem to enjoy it just as heartily as their more fortunate fellows in the expensive seats below.

It is not to be supposed that these Sunday night performances are attended only by servant girls, shopkeepers and the middle classes. The fact is that swell parties are made up, after the style of our theater parties at home, parties composed of people well up in society's domain, who enjoy the performance snugly ensconced in private boxes, and afterwards go to a favorite restaurant for supper. The idea of such a way of spending an evening being wrong never enters the German mind. To him it is as much a matter of course as it is for us to go to church on a Sunday evening.

During our stay in Hamburg this summer there were two particularly favorite resorts for Sunday—the Exposition and Blankenese. This latter is a village of some four or five thousand people, and is up the river Elbe. It is built around a hill, the view from the top of which is remarkably fine, commanding as it does a stretch of country twenty miles around. Every Sunday forenoon tramcars, omnibuses and private carriages were crowded with people eager for a day at Blankenese.

Fifteen minute's ride by cab from the Hotels in front of the Binnen Aister brings one to one of the most famous places of amusement in the city, known simply as "The Flora." One of the remarkable things about the Flora is its location. You drive through the narrow streets near the Exposition grounds, and then branch off past the Common, where at 7 o'clock in the evening hundreds of boys are flying kites, and dive down into a maze of narrow, crooked streets whose old houses take you back in an instant a couple of hundred years. These houses, separated by a street so narrow that two cabs can hardly pass, are of all sizes and descriptions, from the humble one story building, with its diamond shaped window panes, and its red tiled, high sloping roof, to the more pretentious three and four story edifices adorned with ancient balconies of curiously wrought iron-work. Here and there, to make the contrast all the greater, will be found a modern structure, whose ugly red brick and architectural angularity seem wofully out of place in the midst of the picturesque houses of the olden time by which they are surrounded.

The quarter seems to be given up to petty shops, gasthouses and horse markets. It is anything but inviting, and is the last place one would look for any thing really artistic. Before an unpretentious-looking building the cab comes to a standstill, and the word "Flora," on an arch over the entrance, tells you that you have reached your destination.

On either side of the entrance there is a ticket office, in which are two ticket sellers in a dull grey uniform. It is strange how these people of Hamburg dote on uniforms. Every servant of every kind has a uniform, from the portier at the hotel, who is rigged out like a brigadier general of the state militia, down to the boy who drives the horse that helps pull a street car up a steep grade. Everybody is in uniform, with the semi-military cap, shoulder-straps, gold lace and all.

At one of the offices the price of admission was found to be thirty pfennig, about 7½ cents of our money. A regular ticket was issued, which was taken up at the gate a little further on, by two officials, also in uniform. Here a programme was purchased for ten pfennig, 2½ cents, and then the garden was at our disposal.

The not altogether pleasing surroundings had made us rather dubious as to the kind of a place we were to find. But it took only an instant to dispel all fear and to convince us that we had found a veritable bower of beauty.

The garden occupies a space about the size of a large square in an American city. Three sides of the garden are lined with artistically designed buildings devoted to supplying the wants of the inner man, restaurants, cafes and a great concert room, all of which are connected, one with another by great open balconies supported by innumerable columns, fancifully carved and ornamented. The balconies are beautified by a profusion of flowers, potted shrubs and plants, winding through which is a charming promenade.

The fourth side has a covered balcony running all the way around in the form of a semicircle, the center of which contains a large room shaped somewhat like a mammoth oyster shell, the front opening upon the garden. Here is the place for the orchestra. Tables and chairs fill the balcony on both sides of this sounding board concert room, which is illuminated by over an hundred incandescent lights.

An easy flight of five or six steps descends from the balcony to the garden, which is a garden in every sense of the word, and an extremely pretty one at that. In the center a great palm tree rears its long leaved head above the four pretty little fountains, whose waters splash merrily into a large circular basin filled with real and artificial flowers. From the center of the latter incandescent lights cast a mellow tinge upon the dancing waters, and are reflected a thousand times in their ever changing surfaces. From the palm tree comes the soft electric lights tinted by large glass globes of various hues, throwing over the entire basin a soft glow that is fairy-like in its effect.

AT THE FLORA.

As you wander along the well kept gravel paths you have on one side a plot of flowers, rare and beautiful, and on the other an artistic design in rare foliage. On other bank near the balcony is the word "Flora" in rich carnations, and on the other bank is a lyre exquisitely wrought in living flowers of different hues.

Along the walks which surround the groups of chairs and tables in front of the orchestra stand, are slight, graceful iron pillars of fanciful design, round which are iron ornaments representing all kinds of flowers, partially hidden among which are tiny glass globes of every conceivable color. Arched overhead from pillar to pillar are rows of gas jets crowned with a great globe of electric light. These gas jets, glass covered, are festooned along the front of the various buildings, and from balcony to terrace and back again, so that when the whole garden is illuminated it presents an appearance very suggestive of a scene from the Arabian Nights.

During the summer concerts were given there by an orchestra from Vienna, under the direction of the well-known Vienna composer and leader, Alfons Czifulka. There were sixty artists in the orchestra, twelve of whom were soloists, who were given prominent places on the programme. I do not want to attempt a description of the concert, and will not even weary my reader with the programme, which embraced selections from such composers as Dellinger, Strauss, Suppe, Thomas, Raff, Nicolai, Hamm, Dermessman and others equally well known.

But I may say that it was a rare treat. There were sixty trained musicians under the leadership of a famous director, and the manner in which they played such selections as the overture to the opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and the Strauss waltzes, and the overture of Thomas's world famous "Mignon," showed the highest degree of musical art.

These concerts are given every evening of the week, and it is perhaps needless to say that the largest audiences are there on Sundays. Then it is that the cares of the week are thrown off, and under the inspiring music of this most excellent orchestra the Hamburger of every class, forgets the worry of week-day life and gives himself up entirely to the unalloyed pleasure of the hour.

THE OCTOBER SKY.

THE IDEAL TIME FOR STAR-GAZING

Some Chat About the Stellar Vault of Interest to Amateur Astronomers—Where to Look for the Planets.

WITH the opening of October the ideal period for "star gazing" always begins. That month and those which immediately succeed it do not usually, it is true, contain any more eclipses, occultations, conjunctions or other notable astronomical phenomena than the months immediately preceding them. Taking a large number of years together, indeed, these manifestations are distributed with a fair degree of regularity and equality through all the months of the calendar. But between October and March the conditions are more favorable for observation of the firmament than they are in the other half of the year. From this time onward for five or six months the nights will be longer than the days, the atmosphere will be clearer than it has been in recent months, and stars and planets will shine with a distinctness and splendor not seen during the other part of the year.

Jupiter, as during the past few months, will occupy the most conspicuous place among the planetary hosts during October. It will still be seen in the southern section of the heavens from early evening twilight until it sets. It is now further to the west, however, when it first becomes visible than it was a month ago, and consequently the duration of the time in which it is in view has shortened. At the beginning of October it sinks below the horizon in the southwest a few minutes before 10 o'clock in the evening, while its disappearance on the last of the month is over an hour earlier. With respect to the "fixed stars" near to the motion of the Giant Planet is to the eastward, but it is still in the constellation of the Archer.

The only other planets which can be seen in the evening hours at any time during October are Mercury and Uranus, but both are too near the sun to be readily discovered even at the beginning of the month, while about the middle of the month both sink below the horizon with the sun and become morning stars. Both will be in the constellation of the Virgin when October begins.

Among the morning stars Venus continues to hold the place of honor. The glories of the Queen of Planets are to lessening and her light is growing dim as she approaches the sun. Her movement is eastward with respect to the stars, and consequently the period of her risings grows later and later as the days pass. Venus rises at about 3 o'clock in the morning at the beginning of October and an hour later at the end of the month. Her place is still in the star group of the Lion.

Mars is also in the Lion, and near Venus, but will be farther to the west and the north than the latter at the end of October. Venus will serve as a guide to point out the place of Mars during the month, although the planet of war is prominent enough with its brilliant red rays, which form a striking contrast in color to all the other conspicuous orbs in its neighborhood, to reveal its presence and identity without any outside aid.

In the same star group in which Venus and Mars are situated Saturn will be found during October, but will be farther west and north than either of its companion planets. Like the other two, the ringed planet will be seen a little north of the easterly point, and all will be in full view at the beginning of the month shortly after 3 o'clock in the morning. Saturn, too, like Mars, will rise a few minutes earlier at the end of the month.

At the beginning of October Venus, Mars and Saturn will be nearer to each other than they are often seen. Mars will be east of Venus, and the latter east of Saturn. This arrangement, however, will be broken early in the month, as Venus passes over to the easterly side of Mars. At the end of the month they will range in this order, beginning with the most easterly planet of the group and proceeding westward—Venus, Mars, Saturn. All three are moving southward, Venus the most and Saturn the least rapidly. The order of this particular at the end of the month, beginning with the southernmost planet and proceeding northerly, will be the same as the sequence with respect to the easterly and westerly line, Venus being farthest south and Saturn farthest north.

The closest, as well as the earliest, conjunction between the moon and any of the planets during October will be that in which Jupiter will figure. It will take place on the first day of the month. The second conjunction will take place on October 19, three days after the moon reaches its last quarterly point. This time the earth satellite will pass Saturn, the planet being about three degrees—an angular distance equal to six times the apparent diameter of the full moon—to the southward. Both bodies will be at their nearest point to each other at 7 o'clock in the evening. Neither are visible then, but when they come into view, three hours before sunrise, they will still be close enough to each other to render the spectacle worth seeing.

Two days after she passes Saturn Luna will pay her respects to Mars. The meeting in this case will occur in the morning, about three and a half hours before both bodies come into view. Mars will be south of the moon, and three and three-fourths degrees distant. When both orbs rise there will be but little change, so far as the ordinary star-gazer will be able to discern, from this position.

On the 22d, a day later than the conjunction with Mars, the moon, in its march easterly across the heavens, sweeps by Venus. The nearest approach in this case takes place about four hours before these orbs rise, the moon, as in the other instances of this class, being north of the planet.

One more conjunction will take place in October, in which morning stars appear, and this will occur on the 23d, the moon, in this instance, being near Mercury and Uranus, which will have passed a few days earlier to the westerly side of the sun. The moon and the planets, however, will be so near the sun at that time that their light will be dimmed by the splendor of the solar rays.

For the second time during October Jupiter will be in conjunction with the moon on the 28th. The moon at that time will be four days past its new phase, and will lack three days of arrival at its first quarter stage. Its shape will still be crescent, and both Luna and Jupiter will be in the southwest when they become visible just after sunset. As in all the other instances in which these two orbs have been near each other this year, the approach will be remarkably close, Jupiter being south of the moon and near the edge of its disk.

All of the first magnitude stars visible in the evening hours in September will be in view during October except Spica, and two others—Capella and Aldebaran—will come into the field of vision. Vega, at 8 o'clock in the morning on the 1st of the month, will be west of the zenith, Arcturus low in the west. Altair south of Vega and near it, Deneb close to Vega on the east, Antares near Jupiter in the south, and Fomalhaut in the southeast about a third of the distance between the horizon and the zenith. Three hours later Aldebaran will be seen rising in the east and Capella farther to the northward, while from the southwest to the northeast the Milky Way will fling its filmy zone of light across the heavens.

—The star of empire is ever tending westward. The marvelous growth of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota, the development of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, and the great mineral region between the Rockies," and Pacific Coast, with its varied climate and productions, afford ample room for millions of industrious people. Circulars and pamphlets gotten up by land speculators and railroad syndicates are often misleading. If you want reliable information about the great West, you must get it through reputable and responsible papers. Such you will find the Omaha *Bee*, now in its nineteenth year. Sample copies mailed free. Direct letter or postal card to "The Weekly Bee," Omaha, Nebraska.

A Run or Two.

Baltimore American.

A true poet may be a seer, but he seldom is a financier. If he were, there might be more signs of profit about his works.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXVI.

UP WITH THE FLAG.

The rebels thought they had us when the war first begun,
When we had a misfortune at the battle of Bull Run;
But they soon found out they had no earthly rights,
For we beat them two to one in a fair field fight.

CHORUS:—Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave,
Over the Union boys, so noble and so brave!
Hoist up the flag, and long may it wave
Over the Union, the home of the brave!

Our troops on the march they were mighty lucky,
They licked the enemy two to one in old Kentucky;
Our troops on the march were of the right stamp,
They beat the enemy off the ground and took all the camps.

Our troops at Richmond were under good training,
They were under the command of General McClellan.
The troops at Richmond were anxious for a fight,
But the rebels they were cowardly and kept out of sight.

The little Monitor went to Norfolk well packed,
She fought seven hours long side the Merrimac;
When she opened fire she made the Merrimac sound,
She crippled her with a ball weighing 480 pounds.

Governor Wise marched his troops out for to leave a fight,
Our boys met them and banged them left and right.
The Governor's first battle he met with a defeat,
He better think of John Brown and take a back seat.

It was at Roanoke Island, we had this fight;
When the battle went on, Wise was out of sight.
He got on his horse and rode off to town,
Thinking of the ghost of old John Brown.

At Pittsburg Landing our troops fought hard,
They killed General Johnson, and defeated Beauregard;
The way they slayed the rebels they knew how 'twould be,
With our land force and our gunboats, a Union victory.

Our soldiers they have left their homes and wives
And for their country's cause have sacrificed their lives;
But when the flag is hoisted, and they see it waving free,
They think of the Union and sweet liberty.

England is trying mighty hard to kick up a fuss,
They had better stay at home and not trouble us,
If they come here to fight they'll find it is no fun;
We'll give them a little what they got from General Washington.

To war with us take South and Johnny Bull,
They had better stay at home, they've got their hands full,
If they come here to fight they won't have a chance,
Unless they get some help from the Emperor of France.

Give the punishment of all Southerners to me,
I'd hang every traitor up to a high tree,
To secure Jeff Davis, I'd let you all see
I'd have rope enough to hang two or three!

THE UNION WAGON.

BY S. J. LINDSAY, 58TH INDIANA.

In Uncle Sam's dominion,
In eighteen sixty three,
The old Union wagon
First crossed the Tennessee,
Into the town of Chattanooga,
On Tennessee's southern side;
So wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS:—Then wait for the wagon,
O, wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride!

Old Rosey was the driver,
A man of solid wit,
And where'er he steered his good old team,
The rebs were sure to quit.
When they stopped at Chattanooga,
They boldly us defied;
So wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

We had a hero in our team,
Who was both brave and honest,
For the center was supported by
The gallant General Thomas.
In many hard-fought battles
He was on victory's side;
So wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Nor in the other leaders
Was there wanting any pluck,
For on the right was Crittinden
And on the left McCook.
Brave Crittenden had gained renown,
Both illustrious and wide,
So wait for the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

We must remember in our song,
As honest men all should,
A general under Crittenden
Whose name is Gen. Wood.
To do the nation honor
Has always been his pride;
So wait for the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

Many were the deeds of daring
Done by his command,
And they care not for a rebel,
Be he demon or a man.
That they'll fight, it is a fact, sir,
Which cannot be denied;
So wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

When this old Union wagon
Went down there in September,
The wheels quickly took the hint
And skedaddled for tall timber.
And Wood with his division
Marched down the mountain side;
So wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Old Longstreet with his minons,
Who boasted of their fame,
Came down from Old Virginia
To crush our gallant name.
That night in Chattanooga
They swore they would abide;
So wait for the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

Though rations scarce, we worked with will,
With shovel, pick and spade,
And soon our place was quite secure,
And the rebels were dismayed.
They failed to shell us out of town,
From Lookout mountain side;
So wait for the wagon
And we'll all take a ride.

Although with some confusion
And many a life it cost,
Our confidence in "Rosey"
We never once have lost;
But Grant now is our leader,
With Thomas by his side;
Then hurrah for the wagon,
And we'll take a ride.

CHORUS—Then hurrah! for the wagon
The old Union wagon,
O jump into the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride!

The Four-Leaved Clover.

The four-leaved clover is the only plant that will enable its wearer to see the fairies:

"I'll seek a four-leaved clover
In all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaf,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells."

It is a magical plant, also, enabling him who carries it to succeed at cards and to detect the approach of malignant spirits. If placed in the shoe of a lover it will insure his safe return to the arms of his sweetheart:

"If you find an even ash leaf or a four-leaved clover,
You'll be bound to see your true-love ere the day be over.

Here is another couplet showing that the double-leaved ash and the green-topped rush are equally lucky:

"With a four-leaved clover, a double-leaved ash
And a green-topped sedge,
You may go before the queen's daughter without asking leave."

In some parts of England the two-leaved clover is used as a charm—

"A clover; a clover of two,
Put it on your right shoe;
The first young man [or woman] you meet,
In field, street or lane,
You'll have him [or her] or one of his [or her] name."

The five-leaved clover should not be plucked, as it is supposed to bring ill-luck to one possessing it.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Clerk Makes the Money.

Judge.

At the close of the season.

Hotel Man—Where are you going for the winter, James?

Head Clerk—Oh, I think I'll spend the winter at the Hoffman.

Hotel Man—Well, here's your $500 salary for the last week. Er—can you let me have 25 cents for a few months?

The Tune They Sing.

Philadelphia Times.

New York papers spell the proposed site of the world's fair with a large S. Chicago, going two bars higher, spells it thus, $.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Growth of the New South.

Louisville Courier Journal.

The increase of value in real estate and personal properties in Tennessee during the past three years is figured at one hundred million dollars, unprecedented in the history of any state in the union. Her revenues will be so much larger for the coming year that the controller thinks the state can pay her entire floating debt in fifteen months.

We Will Have It, Too.

Chicago Journal.

The United States is getting together a fleet of war-ships that would do credit to any nation in the world. A few more years of honest Republican rule will find us with a navy that will be strong enough to insure peace for generations to come.

A Double Pair.

New York Sun.

Gazzam—"I have just thought of a strange paradox. It is this: If a man's left hand is amputated his right becomes his left hand."

Snooper—"I, too, have thought of a paradox."

"What is it?"

"Two physicians."

It took Gazzam half an hour to see the point.

A Short French Poem.

New York Sun.

Boulanger
Consomme.

Not What They Seem.

Goodall's Sun.

Things are seldom what they seem;
For instance, a hand-painted screen,
For what we think is some dog's head,
May prove a lovely rose instead.

A Tip for Edison.

New York World.

Thomas A. Edison is on his way home. Upon his arrival his attention should be called to the fact that railroad collisions have been very numerous in this country of late. Surely there must be some method of making railway travel absolutely safe. Electricity has a bad record as an enemy to human to life. If it could be so applied that it would serve as a protector to the traveller, it would thus atone for its fatal influence in the past. Travellers would like to see Mr. Edison take hold of this problem in earnest.

Well, Rather.

Bainbridge Republican.

Could he know the mighty rumpus
Made about his fair,
Wouldn't Christopher Columbus
Stand and stare?

That Same Old Printer.

Dayton Journal.

The Sandusky Register either has a queer font of type or a cramp printer. It mentions the Journal of that city daily, and it is, in a majority of cases of late, printed Journal. There is always a fatality of some kind about newspaper composing rooms. For instance, we have a good old printer who never sees a word terminate with the letter s, that he don't rush precipitately to the apostrophe box. He lets no terminal letter s escape.

Join in the Children's Sports.

The Christian at Work.

If parents would take more interest in the amusements of their children there would be less danger of them entering forbidden paths of pleasure when they are called to leave the home that has sheltered their childhood. Young people must have recreation of some kind. It is natural and necessary, and needs much thought and care.

The Retort Courteous.

New York Sun.

Dashaway (at the table, sarcastically)—"I think that Brown-Sequard's elixir might be applied with great effect to this chicken." Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—"Yes, and it might be applied to your account."

Wonder if Gen. Sherman's determination not to attend any more old soldiers' reunions arises from a desire to escape the tortures of "Marching through Georgia?"

You doubtless thought that after this year you would not have to write the figure 9 in the date line of your letters. But you will either have to stop writing or live until the year 2000 before you can get rid of the 9.

Gifts Anchored by a Cable.

Minneapolis Tribune.

J. H. Starin has offered to take $500,000 worth of stock in the New York world's fair provided other wealthy men will invest as liberally. The string attached to Mr. Starin's subscription is visible to the naked eye as far as Chicago.

One reason why "the Immortal J. N." has not visited Toledo lately is because, as we use natural gas, he cannot "lift the veil" of smoke, as was his wont.

The Real Bone and Sinew.

Iowa State Register.

It is a splendid compliment to the working people of America that the prison records have seldom borne their names. The mechanics of the land are the bone and sinew of the national life. They are the strong, steady, conservative force that upholds American institutions and gives vigor and tone to American character. The day is coming when the mastery of an honorable trade will be held in equal public respect with the mastery of an honorable profession.

Or in St. Louis, Either.

Chicago Tribune.

The editor of the *Scientific American* says the beer drinker is less capable of resisting disease than the inebriate who uses any other kind of intoxicating liquor. It is his observation, moreover, that beer drinking in this country produces the lowest kind of inebriety, and that the most depraved classes of ruffians in our large cities are beer guzzlers. The *Scientific American* evidently does not care a copper whether it has any circulation in Milwaukee or not.

Now that Edison is on the Atlantic on his way home the question is whether or not he can invent an electric specific for sea sickness.

Reports Progress.

Washington Capital.

"How are you getting along with your work on the piano?" asked Blinkins of a young woman.

"Oh, very well; I can see great progress in my work."

"How is that?"

"Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practice. The next family stayed a month, the next ten weeks, and the people there now have remained nearly six months."

Blowing Its Own Horn.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Several American reporters have been placed on the trail of "Jack, the Ripper," in London. This is the first encouraging news that gives any hope of capturing the villain. The boys will teach Scotland Yard detectives a trick or two in their own line, and these are Chicago boys, too, so look out for Jack's arrest.

Four hundred dollars for charity was netted by a base ball game at Harrisburg between reporters and policemen. A girl was umpire, and none of the players disputed her decisions, for they knew she would have the last word.

Disinterested Reformers.

Chicago Herald.

The national convention of cigarmakers at New York ask state legislatures to prevent the manufacure and sale of cigarettes and say: "Whereas the practice of cigarette smoking seriously affects the growth of the trade we represent, we are of opinion that it has served to demoralize and injure the youth of our country, undermining their health, impairing their mental faculties and rendering them unfit for any useful purpose." The cigarmakers are a body of singularly unselfish and disinterested reformers.

The Shah's Munificent Generosity.

Apropos of the stories about the Shah's presents to the household officers and the servants at Buckingham Palace, King Frederick William of Prussia, when he was in London for a fortnight in 1842, gave diamond snuff-boxes, worth £500, to each of the three great officers, £1,500 to the servants, and a sackful of boxes, watches, chains and rings to other functionaries at the palace.—*London Truth.*

SHE HAS DISAPPEARED.

The summer girl in beauty's pride
No longer climbs the mountain side.

In rural lanes or meadows green
No more she beautifies the scene.

Her crimson parasol no more
Is seen beside the ocean's shore.

The russet shoes are put away,
The dress of tulle and ribbons gay.

Vacation past, her triumphs o'er,
She is the summer girl no more.

In apron white and cap of lace,
She now the restaurant doth grace.

And one may daily hear her there
Shout, "Ham and eggs, chops, roast-beef-rare!"

They are Saying Nothing.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The deluded Democracy of Ohio are singing "The Campbells are Coming." The Republicans are not wasting time in such dissssipation, but there is a significance in the way they are sawing wood.

Publishers' Column.

THE VICTOR WATCH—A GOOD TIME PIECE.

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Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

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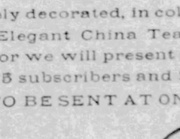

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In order to obtain new subscribers we will distribute during the next 30 days a number of Watches, Chains, Rings, Silverware, Jewelry, Silk Dress Patterns, Gold Pens, Pocket Knives, Accordeons, Violins, Guitars, Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, Diamonds, Sewing Machines, Cameras, Bicycles, Tricycles, Boys' Velocipedes, Printing Presses, Type, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Webster's International Dictionary, Webster's Pocket Dictionary, Webster's Counting House Dictionary, Webster's Primary Dictionary, Webster's Academic Dictionary, Webster's Practical Dictionary, Webster's Handy Dictionary, Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Noted Names, Webster's Dictionary of Biography, Webster's Dictionary of Geography, Webster's Dictionary of Quotations, Webster's Dictionary of Abbreviations, Webster's Dictionary of Mythology, Webster's Dictionary of Law, Webster's Dictionary of Medicine, Webster's Dictionary of Commerce, Webster's Dictionary of Finance, Webster's Dictionary of Agriculture, Webster's Dictionary of Horticulture, Webster's Dictionary of Architecture, Webster's Dictionary of Engineering, Webster's Dictionary of Mechanics, Webster's Dictionary of Chemistry, Webster's Dictionary of Physics, Webster's Dictionary of Astronomy, Webster's Dictionary of Geology, Webster's Dictionary of Botany, Webster's Dictionary of Zoology, Webster's Dictionary of Anatomy, Webster's Dictionary of Physiology, Webster's Dictionary of Psychology, Webster's Dictionary of Ethics, Webster's Dictionary of Logic, Webster's Dictionary of Rhetoric, Webster's Dictionary of Grammar, Webster's Dictionary of Orthography, Webster's Dictionary of Etymology, Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Antonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Paronyms, Webster's Dictionary of Heteronyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Webster's Dictionary of Homophones, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs and Homophones, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones and Homonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms and Paronyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms and Heteronyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms and Antonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms and Synonyms, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms and Etymology, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology and Orthography, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography and Grammar, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar and Rhetoric, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric and Logic, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic and Ethics, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics and Psychology, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, Psychology and Mythology, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, Psychology, Mythology and Noted Names, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, Psychology, Mythology, Noted Names and Abbreviations, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, Psychology, Mythology, Noted Names, Abbreviations and Quotations, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, Psychology, Mythology, Noted Names, Abbreviations, Quotations and Commerce, Webster's Dictionary of Homographs, Homophones, Homonyms, Paronyms, Heteronyms, Antonyms, Synonyms, Etymology, Orthography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Ethics, Psychology, Mythology

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

IT IS JUST MY LUCK!

A Family Whose Normal Condition was Worry.

IT WAS a pleasant room in a pleasant house. Not large, not stately, not elegant, but with all that conduces to comfort, and much to gratify the taste. Well-chosen books turned to the eye their tempting titles from well-filled shelves; pretty pictures hung upon the walls; easy chairs wooed to comfort and rest when weary in mind or body, everything bespoke, if not wealth, an ease of circumstances that should preclude anxiety.

Anxiety was, however, the normal condition of the family. Whether both father and mother were born with that temperament, or it was the result of association on the part of one or the other, or both, I do not know. Certainly the disposition grew as the years passed, until what might have been a pleasant home was anything but restful and tranquil. Uncomfortable as it was, there was an element of the ludicrous to the looker-on in this constant peering out for misfortune. The wonder was that anything was ever accomplished successfully. Here is a specimen of the way they took life:

"My dear, I have concluded to sell the hill property to Mr. Bates. It is expensive to keep up and he offers a good price, so I've made up my mind to let it go."

Instantly an anxious look overspread the wife's face.

"Well, do as you think best, but I don't believe he'll ever pay for it, and you will have all the bother for nothing."

"Yes, I know, that would be just my luck, but I might as well do that as to let it lie and bring us in nothing. It does seem sometimes as if we would end in the poorhouse."

A long-drawn sigh was her reply to this cheerful announcement.

Now there was not the slightest prospect or danger of such a termination of affairs, and both knew it, but it seemed to be a luxury to hug gloomy thoughts to their bosoms. Both knew, too, in regard to the matter spoken of, that Mr. Bates was an honest, well-to-do business man, who was no more likely to fail in keeping his agreements than the great majority, and yet their words indicated a strong doubt of his ability and desire to fulfil an obligation.

This sort of spirit ran through everything. Did they start out for a ride, they knew it would rain before they got back; or the horse would fall lame, or run away; they would catch their "death of cold," or miss what they were going to see. Think they would believe it to be "their luck" for the Alps to hide away from them while they were sailing across the ocean to take a look at their hoary heads.

The same thing was visible in the small est details of every-day life. The mother never allowed the children to leave her side, without overwhelming them with "don'ts" with regard to their conduct. Were they gone a few moments over the time she was sure some horrible thing had happened, and they would never come back alive. When they did return happy and rollicking, full of the good time they had enjoyed, reproaches and scoldings dimmed their pleasure, and often aroused them to impatience and anger.

That this constant anticipation of the worst had its effect very early was evident from the prayer one of children, a sturdy little fellow of four was overheard to make.

"Oh Lord, please give me a kite for Kisi's sake, I want one so bad, Amen," then after a moment's silence he added, "I 'spose its des my luck to have you say 'no, *no*.'"

There it was, the doubt which he had heard from the time he opened his eyes to life, that anything good could come to him,—so impressed upon his mind that it had already destroyed his trust in God's willingness to give him an innocent pleasure.

Strange, strange indeed, that those parents could not see the bitter wrong they were doing in thus poisoning the faith of childhood, sowing the seeds of doubt, which were sure to grow and blossom into fear and distrust in the existence of any good. To such children the Infinite Father comes to seem some inexorable, terrible power which spends its time in thwarting the designs of the beings He has created.

Such a training makes the most arrant cowards of little ones. Better never say a word of caution than to meet them at every step with a fear that they are coming to grief. This family knew absolutely nothing of self-control. A little hurt was magnified into something of great moment. A cut finger *might* produce the lock-jaw; a bee sting *might* cause blood poisoning; and so on to the end of the chapter. And thus a pretty home that ought to have been a haven of rest was made a place of absolute discomfort. The father and mother were kind hearted people, but they had no conception of the first elements of a contented spirit. Not only was there the fear of physical ills, but also that one of being overreached in a bargain, of being outdone by a neighbor, of being slighted socially.

There are a good many of us who need to read ourselves a lesson in this regard. I heard of a woman the other day, who made life to her husband exceedingly dreary by her constant procession of "donts." He never stepped inside of the house but they were ready to greet him; they were thrown at him on all occasions while at home, and they followed him to the gate when he went away.

HE wore a sort of subdued air as if he did not own himself or any of his belongings. Her fear was not of ill-fortune or of physical ills. It had a narrower scope. Her house was her god; her constant, never-forgotten haunting fear, that it might be disturbed. So everybody was made uncomfortable and unhappy by what was a disagreeable expression of a disagreeable habit of mind.

In fact, these things are all habit far more than we are willing to allow. It is the easiest thing in the world, unfortunately, to see the dark side when we are determined to do so, and the persistent looking for it amounts to that. If people were as strenuous in their expectation of good as they are of ill, the sum of happiness would be far greater. Certainly there would be no little children winding up a prayer to God with, "It's des my luck to have you say no, no!" EMILY S. BOUTON.

NATURE'S DECORATIVE MATERIALS.

Now is just the time for people who have the forests and fields at their command to collect their materials for winter decoration, and you may have them in abundance, as you were told last week. Besides the beautiful autumn leaves, the ferns and grasses, with other things mentioned then, there are acorns, oak-balls, horse chestnuts, corn stalks, evergreen cones both large and small, and mosses, besides berries of certain kinds that will hold their colors, and the flowers called Everlastings.

What can you do with acorns? You can make many pretty things. Varnish or gild them, then string them on lengths of string and fasten, like a fringe, along the edge of a board shaped to the mantel which has already been covered with felt. Where the strings are fastened to the edge a border of dry moss can be tacked, about two inches wide, and the result is very pretty.

If you have patience you can take your corn stalks and cut them into even lengths, say an inch and a half or two inches long. String these upon a scarlet cord, alternating them with oak balls. Have the cord show in even lengths between the ball and corn stalks. If these evince a disposition to slide, you can fasten each one in place by the tiny pins that are used in rolls of ribbon. These strings can be made in lengths for a door, mantel or window lambrequins, or they can form a portiere, like the Japanese head hangings.

Cones are dipped in different colors of diamond dyes, or painted with the various gilding or bronzing, and then with tiny tacks ribbons are fastened to the stem ends, one cone at each end of the length, and a collection hung from any projection where they will be out of the way and yet be ornamental. The buckeyes may be used in the same way, or be simply varnished instead of painted.

A very pretty frieze may be made around a room of the gay autumn leaves after they have been waxed, by tacking them to the wall in groups as taste dictates. These groups may be alternated with cat-tails if desired, or with pressed ferns.

A little ingenuity and patience will make these treasures of Nature combine into wonderfully pretty and effective decorations, rendering the home quite as attractive as those garnished by far more expensive articles.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

WALL POCKET.—Take a piece of dark peacock blue plush, 20 inches square, and line it with stout bed ticking, and bind it all around with a deep braid of the tarnished looking gilt. On it put 3 plush pockets lined with China silk, the edges faintly showing here and there. Make one of these pockets long, reaching across the bottom and about 6 inches deep. The other two are smaller, arranged above. On each of the pockets embroider or paint a handsome spray of flowers.

CHEAP LAMBREQUINS FOR KITCHEN OR DINING ROOM.—Take coarse crash toweling and fringe about 6 inches deep, then knot the fringe, then leave a space of about 2 inches of the toweling, then ravel out about 4 inches and make the drawn work, then a space of about 3 inches for the top where you tack on to the shelf. Use red worsted and make a feather or any fancy stitch on the plain spaces, and line with turkey red calico, tack to the shelf with fancy tacks. It will bear all the washing you can give it.—MRS. C. L. BURLINGAME, Conneaut, Ohio.

HAIR ALBUM.—I made an hair album and it is lovely. I took plain white note paper and sewed it in a book then sewed locks of hair from each of the family and friends in it, braiding them in all styles, and arranging them differently. I sewed them fast on the 2nd and 3rd, also 6th and 7th, also 10th and 11th, pages and wrote the names at each, and put a tiny bow of ribbons, a flower, or something at each lock. I made a back of black velvet with my initials worked with arras-ine on one side and blue violets on the other, and lined with quilted silk and fastened it with tiny loops of arrasine. MYRTLE

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet: ch, foundation chain; loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; trip; m o, mesh crochet.

GUSSIE'S LACE—Cast on 18 stitches.—1st row: 1 l—k 8—n—o—(k 1—o 2—n) 2 times k 1; 2d row: (k 2—k 1—p 1 in loop) 2 times—k 2—o—n—k 8; 3 i row: s 1—k 6—n—o—k—rest plain; 4th row—k 12—o—n—k 6; 5th row—s 1—k 4—n—o—k 6—(o 2—n) 3 times—k 1; 6th row—k 2—(k 1—p 1 in loop) (k 1—k 1 and p 1 in loop) 2 times—k 7—o—n—k 4; 7th row—s 1—k 5—o—n—k—rest plain; 8th row—k 14—o—n—k 7; 9th row—s 1—k 7—o—n—k 7—o 2—n—n—o 2—k 2; 10th row—(k 2—k 1 and p 1 in loop) 2 times—k 6—n—o—k 9; 11th row—s 1—k 9—o—n—k—rest plain; 12th row—bind off 7—k 4—n—o—k rest plain: repeat from beginning.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore.

BABIES' SOCKS.—Make a chain of 70 stitches. First row—*50 s c—ch 2—skip 2—15 s c—s i st the 2 remaining stitches for toe-turn; 24 rows—Sixt 2—1 s c, putting hook through each single loop from you, (called ribbing)—ch 2—skip 2—50 s c—turn and repeat from * until you have 12 rows (or six ribs); 13th row—*50 s c—ch 2—skip ch—s c in end of ch—turn; 14th row—1 s c—ch 2—50 s c—repeat from * in 13th row until you have 7 more ribs, then join with sl st on wrong side, having ribs lengthwise, and sewing as ribs with fine thread a sl st in each st—turn. To make heel, make 2 s c in each open place all around the heel, (putting the hook through both parts of the st for the rest of the sock)—s s 2 on the side—turn—s s 2—s c round the heel—s c 1 more from the side—turn—s c all round the heel to the toe—s s round the toe—s c around to heel—turn—s c to heel—2 sc 2 sc (drawing wool through 2 stitches at once) around toe—s c to heel—s c 2 by 2 round heel—s c to toe—s s 2 by 2 twice at toe, and join from toe to heel with s c, picking up a single loop on each side. Make border of different color if you choose. Join the wool in between two ribs—*ch 3—sl st in 3d st, from top of ch—ch 3—sl st in top of edge between ribs—repeat from * through the row—run cord through row of holes round the ankle and finish with balls or tassels. I use white Saxony or pompadour wool and a medium sized hook. Pompadour wool makes the loveliest little socks and socks imaginable.—BABIES' FRIEND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME INFORMATION.—Noticing several letters in the HOUSEHOLD from teachers in different parts of the union regarding salaries in their respective states, it occurred to us that eastern teachers might like to know something of California salaries. We will take this county, 50 miles from San Francisco, as an average.

Teachers in country schools and primary schools receive from $50 to $65 per month; country grammar schools from $65 to $75 per month.

In graded schools of three or four teachers the principal receives one hundred or more, and the intermediate and primary teachers in proportion.

The requirements of our teachers are rather severe, however, to balance the liberal salaries paid.—D.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—A baby basket can be made from any basket covered, but in case you have no basket handy will tell you how I made one some years since for a friend. The bottom was a six-sided piece of heavy pail board nine inches across. Six side pieces were cut to fit the sides and flared some at the top. They were four and a half inches deep at the sides and five and a half in the center. This rounded them at the top. Cut two bottom and twelve side pieces. The two bottom pieces were covered plainly with pink cambric, as were all of the side pieces. Then three of the sides had pockets fastened to them. They were made by shirring a strip of cambric upon hat rubber half an inch from the top. The bottom of the pocket was gathered, and it and the sides were fastened over upon the wrong side of the pieces they were put upon. Two pieces had pincushions, and a third had places to stick a comb and brush. These furnished pieces were laid upon the plain ones and neatly overhanded together. Around the top edge was a double box plaited ruche of footing an inch and a half wide; another row was around the bottom, and a short strip covered each seam where they were joined together. The pincushions were covered with little darned net tidies. Instead of the footing a ruche of cambric or swiss muslin pinked or notched will answer.

It was furnished with one dozen each of large, medium and small safety pins, baby comb, brush and ivory ring, powder box, puff and package of Lubin's violet powder, bottle of white vasaline, two pairs of little socks, several old soft linen handkerchiefs, a soap dish and piece of soap (some very mild white soap, a soft sponge and a wash rag knit of Saxony. A square of cheese cloth edged with lace, or plain, is nice, to throw over it. Another way is to carefully take to pieces and cover, a box of suitable size, add pockets, &c.

A real cute one can be made out of an oval grape basket. Paint the outside and make a lining to fit and tack it in with gilt headed tacks.

Would like to add a few items about babies that have been learned by experience. Instead of giving castor oil internally, rub in on across the bowels. Hold the child where it is warm and warm the oil. Rub it in gently, continuing the operation for about ten minutes. It produces the same results without disordering the little stomach. If a child seems inclined to have summer complaint, give half a teaspoonful castor oil, half a teaspoonful sugar syrup and two drops of laudanum mixed. If a pinch of grated sweet chocolate is given before and after giving a child medicine, it will go down better.

Another cruel habit some mothers have, is to use a slender piece of soap when a child is constipated. It causes them much suffering as the soap burns terribly. Instead give injections of warm suds or salt and water. Injections are preferable any time to cathartics. In cases of dysentery, injections of warm milk slightly sweetened with "black strap" molasses is very healing. If you are unable to nurse your child don't give him diluted milk, but give him sweet cream mixed with warm water. It will never curdle upon the stomach like milk will. Be sure to offer baby cool (not cold) water half a dozen times daily. Do not keep them wrapped up in warm weather, rather put a thick quilt down upon the floor, with a pillow or two, and let the baby have a good time playing with his pretty pink toes. If they are tired and fret, when you undress them at night give them ten minutes gentle rubbing before the little night clothes are put on. God bless the babies.—MONTANA MAY.

SEVERAL THINGS.—Does the editor realize how much her department of THE BLADE is enjoyed? I judge by the letters published that we are not the only ones who turn to the HOUSEHOLD first. We enjoyed her camping out experience so much. How I would like to show her some of the sights here in the Indian territory. She could give her many readers a graphic account of a dance I saw some weeks ago.

One of the chiefs—Sassy Chief—lost a young daughter about two months ago, and six or seven weeks after her death he gave a dance for her. These funeral dances are solemn affairs with the Indians, for they are trying to get the person into heaven, I believe. The mourners attend (at least the men do), and have their dusky skins painted black. The paint answers for clothing, I guess, as it is all they wear. The poor old chief ate nothing while the dance lasted—which was three days—but he feasted the dancers, and gave each one a pony. Only the men dance, and they all shuffle around their faces, and wear the gaudiest clothes they have. They wear strings of sleighbells around their ankles or knees—sometimes both. Some carry rattles, some feather fans, and I noticed one with a hand glass. Their dancing is very peculiar, as they do not bend the ankles, but hop up and down. I can give you no idea of the "step," but it is grotesque in the extreme.

The drum consists of a piece of rawhide stretched over a box or barrel head, and the drummers carry it along with them. There are as many drummers as can crowd around the drum. They each have one drum stick and beat out the time in the most energetic manner. They also sing, or rather chant, as they walk along, and they make their earrings jump with their exertions.

The dancers had brought their families, of course, and the day we were out the women were busy cutting and drying meat. We saw several women sewing, and two or three groups playing cards. Altogether it was the strangest sight of my life, and I thought how much I would enjoy taking more eastern people. We had an eastern girl with us. Life at an agency is very pleasant in many respects, but we have one great drawback—girls will not stay here. I would like to have a nice girl or woman to live with me, and then provided I and cannot do everything, and would give a good home and wages to one who would promise to stay at least a few months. We can find good homes for three or four such, right here, and if any one will send address to THE BLADE, will be glad to correspond with them on the subject.

IN THE BLADE of August 29, "A Young Housekeeper" asks how I fasten the babies' clothes. I use small safety pins until the child is four or five months old, and then put on buttons, being careful to use rather small, thin ones, so they cannot hurt the little one. If "Young Housekeeper" is as rushed with work as I am, she will be glad to crochet the socks, instead of knitting. I will send directions for the kind I make (the one above the knee), but if she prefers the knit ones, and will write again, I will send them. Also if she would like, I will send her the patterns for little clothes if she will send her address to THE BLADE. What would we do without THE BLADE?—BABIES' FRIEND.

A PRACTICAL THING.—I was chanting the praises of my little ice-box all to myself this morning, when, happening to think of the editor's kind invitation, I undertook to tell the sisters about it. I wanted to get a good refrigerator, but found I could not afford it, so procured two boxes from my grocer, one nearly twice as large as the other, put a layer of coal cinders in the larger one, then put the smaller one in it and filled the space between the two with cinders, securing the covers of both by nailing strips on the under side. I thought of putting hinges on the inner cover, but did not do it, and the little ice chest, which I've used two years, did not cost a cent, and has served excellently well.

Last fall (and this also) I packed eggs in it (in salt), buying them early while they were cheap, and selling them in the winter for more than twice what they cost.

I would like to tell you some of my other economies, but my ideas seem to have gone up with the steam of tha tiast batch of peaches, and beside, as to the fate of these few remarks, "quien sabe."—M. C. B.

INQUIRIES.

Will "Montana May" tell me (in answers to inquirers) what to do to keep my painted articles from becoming or rather remaining sticky? I use poppy oil and Winsor & Newton's paints but they do not seem to dry properly, remaining sticky sometimes for months.—MRS. G. S. HUGHES.

Will some one give directions through the HOUSEHOLD for crocheting a lady's undersuit of Saxony or Germantown yarn; also a pretty cover for a piano stool? It is 14 inches wide, 19 inches long and 22 inches high. Any design that would look pretty.—C. K. C.

Will some one tell what to rub or wash gilt picture frames in to make them look clean and new, yet will not hurt them?—MRS. E. B. L.

Can anyone tell me how to wash flannel so it will not shrink, and how are pine needles fixed for pillows?—E. E. ADAIR, Grantsdale, Missoula county, Montana.

Will Mrs. Kittie Howell please send her address to Mrs. Susie M. Buffington, Marquette, Hamilton county, Neb.?

Will some one give recipe for preserving ground cherries or husk tomatoes?—Mrs. G. W. C., Dreusey, Oregon.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to get rid of lice on my canary birds? They are fine singers but they have not sung for a long time.—A LOVER OF BIRDS.

Please give recipe for baking what I reckon is called the soda cracker, or those that we buy that are about three inches square. They are very brittle. Also give a recipe for the corn dry hard tack. What are the ingredients used in both of the above?—OLD SOLDIER.

Some one not long ago in the THE BLADE recommended ground ivy for hives. We have inquired for it but it is unknown by that name here. Please describe it.

Will "Mrs. C. B. H." please send me her address, as I wish to write to her.—MISS ABBIE M. MILLARD, West Edmeston, Otsego county, N. Y.

Will some one of the BLADE readers send me a mocking bird, a singer, and I will pay the express on it? I am a great lover of birds, and would so much like to have a mocking bird, and don't feel able to buy one, but will do anything I can in return for it. Before sending bird please write to Mrs. N. B. W., 940 South Emporia street, Wichita, Kansas.

Will some of THE BLADE readers tell me where I can get a book containing the more recent songs and ballads with music written in character or shaped notes which I have been using for some time and prefer to the other system? I obtained gospel hymns with shaped notes from a Methodist Book company in Tennessee, I think, but of course could not get what I want there.—SUB., Umpqua Valley, Oregon.

Can any one of the HOUSEHOLD send directions for making a crocheted scarf, or comforter, as it is sometimes called, for a gentleman?—A CONSTANT READER.

Is there anyway to take stains from an oak table that is made by setting wet tin vessels upon it?—F. H.

Can any of the readers of THE BLADE inform me where I can get books sent to me, or where you can rent books of some library and get them sent to you? Have heard there were public libraries which would do so. Please give address.—Leetonia, O.

By joining the Chautauqua Literary circle, you can rent the books needed in this way.—ED.

Will someone tell how to make good rye bread?—MRS. OBERY, Chesnut, Ill.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE tell me a sure cure for moth patches on the face; also, if a dog bites a child enough to draw the blood and the dog should go mad afterwards, would that affect the child?—SADDIE.

If the dog was not mad at the time, there is not the slightest danger.—ED.

Would you please tell me where I could obtain a book of essays suitable for school?—JESSIE PENN.

Any good book store will have such books.—ED.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE tell what will remove the black heads from one's face, and will the lady that said almond oil state what kind (sweet or bitter)? Please will some one answer soon and tell what will purify the complexion and remove that yellow look from one's face? Will some one tell how to make caramel candy?—AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Will some one please tell me how and when to plant a cedar hedge?—SOLITAIRE.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"A Constant Reader," the book "Toxology" is published in Chicago by its author, Dr. Alice Stockham. Write to 161 LaSalle street, Chicago. The price we cannot give you, but believe it to be about $2. A letter of inquiry to above address will be answered at once. It is an excellent work.—ED.

"Sunflower," to get a piece of music copyrighted, send 50 cents with application for copyright to "Librarian of Congress," Washington, D. C. He will return you circular, etc., telling you what further is to be done. To get the copyright complete you will have to pay 50 cents more. Publishers will buy a good piece of music without copyright and then get it copyrighted themselves.—ED.

"A Young Girl," say, "thank you, I shall be happy to accept your invitation," if he asks you to go somewhere with him; or, "thank you, I have an engagement," or "thank you, I am unable to go," giving the reason or not, as you choose, if you cannot accept his invitation. Circumstances and the gentleman's own form of words have much to do with a lady's reply.

Why do you not send a dollar to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and get "Social Etiquette," which will help you greatly in all social matters"?—ED.

Mrs. F. Bardness, Robert, Roy, Randolph, Randall, Ranville, Rex, will all go with Ralph as a twin name.—ED.

"Subscriber"—It is always courteous in receiving an introduction to rise, unless you are so crowded in a place as to render it impossible to do so without disturbing others. One may also retain the seat when one of a company to whom an entering guest is introduced successively, and politely. To keep your seat when a special introduction is made to you would be a rudeness.

"At a country hotel where waiters are scarce," regard for the convenience of others would dictate the quiet replacing of chair near to the table.

Meat is usually taken from the small dish to the plate, but vegetables, etc., are allowed to remain in the dishes upon which they are brought to you, unless it be potatoes. Do whatever is least awkward in the matter. Other questions will be answered next week.—ED.

Should be pleased if you would correct a small error made in the last BLADE, August 15th. In an "Inquiry" signed Buttercup, it was published "address Lock Box 101, Trenton, Ill." which should have been Trenton, Mo.—BESSIE M. CHAPMAN.

Please correct the mistake in BLADE of September 17—the name M. M. Ross should have read Eva. McRoss—and oblige, yours truly.—EVA MCROSS.

I want to say to the subscribers who wish to get rid of chicken lice, if they will take sulphur and sprinkle some on the chickens' heads and under their wings, and mix some in sour milk and set it where they can drink of it whenever they want to, they will be relieved. Cayenne pepper may also be added, as it is very healthy for chickens; or close the henhouse up and put some sulphur on coals in it, and let it stay shut up with the fumes of the sulphur for several hours. It is also very good to whitewash roosts, nests, and all. This I know will rid you of them.

"Subscriber."—The new book of "Fancy Work and House Decoration," will contain descriptions of the latest styles in decorative articles, and will be a great help in preparing Christmas gifts. It will be ready very soon.—ED.

RECIPES.

GREEN TOMATO CATSUP.—1 pk. of green tomatoes, 12 large onions, ¼ pt. of salt; slice tomatoes and onions. To layer of these add layer of salt; let stand 24 hours, then drain. Add ¼ lb mustard seed, 3 dessert spoonfuls sweet oil, 1 oz. allspice, 1 oz. cloves, 1 oz ground mustard, 1 oz. ground ginger, 2 tablespoonfuls black pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls celery seed, ¼ lb brown sugar. Put all in preserving pan, cover with vinegar and boil two hours.

ANOTHER RECIPE.—1 pk. ripe tomatoes, cut up, boil tender and sift through a wire sieve; add 1 large tablespoonful of ground cloves, 1 large tablespoonful allspice, 1 large tablespoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful cayenne pepper, ¼ lb salt, ¼ lb mustard, 1 pt. vinegar. Boil gently three hours. Bottle and seal while warm.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage very fine, and for a six gallon jar take a pint cup full of salt; mix the same amount of horseradish (cut up in small pieces) and 2 heaping tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, sprinkle a little salt on the bottom of the jar. Then put in a layer of cabbage and with a potato masher pound the cabbage down firmly. Then sprinkle on some salt, radish and mustard seed. Then put on another layer and proceed as before. Be sure and give every layer of cabbage a good, thorough pounding. When your jar is full, put an inverted plate on the cabbage and on that a twenty pound weight. Let it stand until morning, then drain off every drop of brine that has formed (the amount of brine will surprise you), then pour over the cabbage cider vinager, boiling hot. Right here, let me tell you that it spoils vinegar to heat it in iron; use a porcelain kettle or a stone milk crock. Leave the plate on the cabbage to keep it from floating, for it must be kept under the vinegar. Do several thicknesses of cloth over the top of the jar, then cover closely and set away in a cool place. Don't let it get frozen.—W. L. NEWMAN.

CROW-CROW.—½ bu. green tomatoes, 1 doz. peppers, 1 doz. onions. Chop all fine. Put in 1 pt. of salt. Let stand over night. Drain off and cover with vinegar. Cook slowly half an hour, add 2 lbs of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, 2 of allspice, 1 of cloves, 1 of pepper, ½ cupful of ground mustard, 2 pts. of grated horseradish, vinegar to mix. Put all together, boil awhile and put in self sealing cans.—L. M.

MANGOES.—Cut the top off the mangoes, dig out all the seed, put in salt water over night, then wash them in clear water and turn them open-end down till they drain dry; have your cabbage cut fine and nice; salt in a little, let it stand a little while and squeeze out, as much as you can. Put in another pan, shake it out, sprinkle as much mustard seed on as you like. Now press the cabbage in the mangoe. Put them in a crock and cover with good cider vinegar. Use the vinegar cold, with a few pieces of horse radish. Put on a weight, then tie on a cover and put in a cool place.—L. M.

FROSTING.—I want to ask the members of the HOUSEHOLD who are sometimes troubled to make good frosting for cake to try the following: Get confectioner's sugar, which any good grocery keeps, and use that and sweet milk. Take 2 tablespoonfuls of the latter and stir in enough sugar to make it thick enough to spread well. It does not need any cooking, but will be just moist enough to be good.

The editor can vouch for the excellence of the above.

DRIED RASPBERRY PIE.—A very nice way of making raspberry pie of dried berries is to use 1 cupful berries; 1 cupful sugar; 1 cupful water, and a little flour sifted into the top. The berries are to be put in dry, not stewed at all. Of course the crust must be good, or the pie will be a failure. Please try and report result, if you have not already learned this way.—ELVA, Groten, N. Y.

STEWED PEARS.—As the pears are peeled put them at once into the water in the saucepan; to 8 pears add ½ lb. of sugar and 1 doz. cloves; cover closely and stew for 8 hours; set away still covered, and next day they will be of a bright red color. Wine may be added if preferred.

CANNED PEARS.—To 6 large pears, peeled and cored, use a pound of sugar, a pint of water, the thin rind of 1 lemon, and a little cochineal. Boil and skim the syrup, add the pears, let them boil until clear and red, and when done add to the above quantity the juice of 3 lemons, and put in jars.

How Luxury Plumes Herself.

Men's Outfitter.

Customer—These cuffs don't appear to be reversible.

Clerk—No, sir. These are what are called the self-respect brand.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

FAIRFIELD, ILL.

Lizzie Brown	Eddie Rossiter
Frankie Weedon	Robbie Weedon
Sammie Weedon	Louis Weedon
Lettie Weedon	Annie Thatcher
Osie Thatcher	Sadie Thatcher
	Maggie Heritage

Names this week, 11. Total, 27,491.

The above embraces all names received up to September 27.

LITTLE GIRL ON THE WALL.

Now the daylight is done, and the curtains are drawn,
And the katydids sing all alone on the lawn,
And my little one cries, as she comes at my call,
"Can't I play with the little black girl on the wall?"

Tho' she's dollies that cry and a dog that can bark,
A Manx cat and a fully equipped Noah's ark,
What delighted her most, ever since she could crawl,
Has been what she calls the black girl on the wall.

'Tis bedtime, and Bessie, our one little lamb,
Comes bleating, "O, mamma, I'm lonely, I am!
I've no brothers nor sisters—I've no one at all
But that dear little darling black girl on the wall!

"I don't see her by daytime—O, where does she go?
But at twilight she follows me—now to and fro—
Wherever I turn, and if I get a fall.
Why, then, down goes the little black girl on the wall!

"Mamma, what does she eat, and, O, what does she drink,
And what does she do all day long, do you think?
Now she's little like me and next minute she's tall,
But I never can catch that black girl on the wall!"

So our pet prattles on, when she's in for a race
With her shadow. (O, isn't life just such a chase?)
And she dances like mad down the fire-lighted hall
As she hunts for the little black girl on the wall. —*Boston Globe.*

HOW TEDDIE WAS SAVED.

BY SARAH E. PIERCE.

"Dave Hammond was the laziest and most good for nothing man I ever knew, and his two sons, Jim and Pete, were faithful copies of their useless sire," said grandma Swift one summer evening when Gracie had importuned her for a story, one that had really happened "when grandma lived in the country."

"Yes, indeed," she continued, "these Hammonds were a shiftless lot. They seemed to think that the world owed them a living, and if it did not come to them without any special effort on their part, that they had a perfect right to help themselves to what their more provident neighbors had laid up for future use. That old saying that "satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do" was wonderfully true in their case. They slept days when they ought to have been at work, and then prowled around at night when the tired farmers were resting and asleep, getting ready for to-morrow's duties.

"Their land joined your grandfather's on the north, and their petty thieving was an endless annoyance. They were sly fellows and we never could catch them at their knavery. They would do the most provoking things. If there was a nice tree of plums, pears or peaches, which I wanted for preserving or drying, every limb would be stripped a day or so before we meant to gather the fruit. We didn't mind their raids upon our grainery and corn stocks half so much as when our fat turkeys disappeared, our cows were milked in the meadows and our clothes lines were robbed. We were the only sufferers.

"There came a time when the farmers declared that they could stand such goings on no longer. Dave and his sons were ordered to leave the town in five days or suffer the consequences, so Dave came over and offered to sell his land, and your grandfather bought it.

"Not a furrow had been turned upon the land that year, and the fields were in a terribly neglected condition. Pat Dugan was the best hand we had on the home farm, and it was soon decided to let him move his family over there so that he could look after things a little and get the land into some sort of condition.

"Pat had lived with us as boy and man some fifteen years. He was a warm hearted, impulsive Irishman, and a spendid worker. Maggie, his wife, was an excellent woman in her way. She was ignorant, of course. Neither she nor her husband could read a word. If I do say it, she had four of as nice children as need be. The oldest was 10; Teddy, the youngest, a sturdy child of 3. Maggie used to say that 'Teddie was as bright as a pearl button, and no trouble to anybody,' and she was about right. He was a handsome little fellow, rosy and dimpled like a cherub, with large blue questioning eyes, long loose flaxen curls, and a mouth like a rosebud. He used to chatter like a magpie all day long.

"Your uncle Abram was looking after the farm in those days. Your grandfather was busy with public work. From the time Ted was 3 years old Abram had him half the time in the field. Ted was happy as a lark, tramping after Abram until his little feet were tired, and then Abram would fix him under a tree for a nap. When it was time to come home Ted was mounted on Abe's shoulder for a ride. It was really wonderful to behold how much these two loved each other, and how well they got along together and what frolics they used to have.

"Pat had a dog, Pounce, an Irish setter, that followed Ted as faithfully as Ted did Abram. When the child was asleep Abram felt no concern about him, for he knew Pounce would watch him and never leave his side for an instant until he was awake.

"It wasn't much of a house that Pat and Maggie moved into when they went to the new farm, only an old-fashioned log cabin without a single convenience. This was another indication of the shiftlessness of the Hammond tribe. I must not linger over this, for I only want to tell you enough of the place to have you understand and appreciate my story.

"That second winter after Pat Dugan moved to the north farm was a very severe one. There was no end to the cold and the terrible storms that swept down the mountains and through the valley. Pat was out a good deal in the mill getting one year's supply of wood from the forest, and this may have been one reason that he was drinking more than usual. Everybody drank more or less in those days. Pat was very fond of his whisky. There were times when he wanted it straight, and then he was a real wild Irishman. We were just beginning to find out about the sprees of that winter. Abram never told me half he knew about it, and I'm glad of it; for I can forget them until long after that terrible night I am going to tell you about.

"Pat had him over to Bridgton, the neighboring village, one afternoon and I remember thinking he was rather noisy as he drove past to the barn. Abram took from him the mail and such packages as he had brought for us, so that he did not come to the kitchen. It had been stormy all day and at night the cold was just stinging. The winds shrieked and moaned, bent the trees almost double and sent the new fallen snow into large drifts. In all my life I have never known a fiercer storm or a more terrible night.

"When we were rest the family went to bed, Abram was just piling upon the great fireplace a new supply of logs. I saw him lift the curtain and look in the direction of Pat's house, though I did not attach any particular importance to it at the time. I went to bed and fell asleep—your grandfather was serving his second term in the legislature and of course was away. It could not have been long after midnight when I was roused from my sound sleep by Abram's call:

"'Mother! mother!'

"I knew from the tone that there was something quite unusual. I slipped on a flannel wrapper and was just coming out of my bed room when he called again:

"'Pat Dugan's house is on fire!'

"Abram had his boots and overcoat on and was just tying a muffler over his ears and around his throat as I appeared. I ran to the window and raised the curtain. A bright flame was shooting up from the west corner of the log house. There could be no mistake.

"'Will you be in season to save them?' I cried.

"'I hope so,' he cried, opening the door and rushing out into the storm. It was a fearful night and the cabin was almost half a mile from our farm house.

"'I shall send the children down here,' he called back, never stopping an instant.

"'Send them all,' I screamed in a vain effort to raise my voice above the tempest.

"No answer came back to me, but the flames leaped higher and higher. I dressed myself and made some strong coffee, and put blankets to warm about the fireplace. How I hoped and prayed that Adam might be in season to save them. How the wind did roar in its mad fury. It caught up burning pieces from the building and carried them to the east. Now I could see by the light of the flames that several men were on the spot to help. Others might have been there before Adam, and then all would be well. The fire had begun to die away from the burning building when three men came towards the house, each bringing a child in his arms. I waited for them at the door.

"'Is Teddie here?' called Nick Williams from the gate.

"'No,' I answered, a cold fear taking possession of me.

"'Not here? Then he must have been in the burning building,' exclaimed Wyman Williams.

"'We hoped he had been brought here,' he added in a voice that told me that he was positive the child had perished.

"'Abram Swift took Ted out of the house; I saw him do it,' answered the brother most emphatically.

"Then the child has been carried to some other house, I said, feeling that if Abram had brought the little fellow out of the burning building he would certainly take care of him afterwards.

"'He has not been taken away,' came from the third man.

"'Let my son know this at once, for God's sake! The child will perish,' I cried, tears streaming down my face. The men turned to go.

"'Let one stay,' I urged, upon second thought. They obeyed without question. I had already wrapped the three children in warm blankets and given them warm milk to drink. I brought shawls from the closet for Maggie or the man, as they might need them, fixed a pail of steaming hot coffee, found a couple of lanterns and dispatched the man in very short order.

"By this time the fury of the wind had abated and I thought the cold was less intense. The large drifts piled everywhere showed what a terrific storm had been raging.

"When the two men got back to the burning house and told the others that Teddy was not found there was great consternation. It was awful to think of the little fellow out in such a storm in his night clothes and then each one was sure, though he did not dare to whisper it, that the child was dead. That he had been frightened at the flames and confusion and had slid out of his wrappings and wandered away into the storm and darkness. That he had been overcome by the cold, and lain down or fallen and the snow had sifted over his little body.

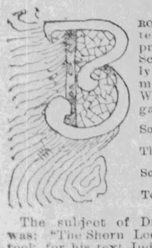
"Pat and Maggie went almost beside themselves with grief. They ran hither and thither through the drifts calling their darling in most piteous tones. The dawn of day still found the men searching. They found no trace of Ted and most of them believed that Abram had not brought the child out of the burning building. Though none of them said so at the time, because Abram was so sure of it and Nick Williams was just as positive that he had seen him with Ted in his arms.

"The frantic mother, almost overcome with her grief, the terrible cold and exhaustion, had been induced to come over to the house. She wailed and moaned in a most heart rending manner. I could say nothing to comfort her for I expected every minute to see the men coming with the dead child. The barn was quite a little distance from the house and between the two were immense drifts. In this little barn Pat kept his cow and a fine Southdown wether that Abram had given to Anna, the oldest girl, when it was a little snow-white lamb. For some unexplained reason your uncle Abram started towards the barn as the daylight grew a

Talmage's Sermon.

THE SHORN LOCKS OF SAMSON.

The Influence We All Exert Upon Our Fellow-Men — The Terrible Power Exercised by the Evil-Disposed Ones.



BROOKLYN, Sept. 29.—After expounding the appropriate passages of Scripture in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., gave out the hymn:

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was: "The Shorn Locks of Samson." He took for his text Judges xvi, 5: "Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver." The sermon was as follows:

A Reward Offered.

One thousand pounds, or about five thousand dollars of our money, were thus offered for the capture of a giant. It would take a skilful photographist to picture Samson as he really was. The most facile words are not supple enough to describe him. He was a giant and a child; the conqueror and the defeated; able to snap a lion's jaw and yet captured by the sigh of a maiden. He was ruler and slave; a commingling of virtue and vice, the sublime and the ridiculous; sharp enough to make a good riddle, and yet weak enough to be caught in the most superficial stratagem; honest enough to settle his debts, and yet outrageously robbing somebody else to get the material to pay it; a miracle and a scoffing; a crowning glory and a burning shame. There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscles that can lift the gates of a city, taking an attitude defiant of armed men and wild beasts. His hair had never been cut and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says, "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again and says, "Now tell me about your great strength," and he replies, "If you should take some ropes that have never been used, and tie me with them, I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts, "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easy as he did before—not a single obstruction.

She coaxes him again, and he says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by this house loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come!" The Philistines! He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him. But after a while she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor, or shears, and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and, that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, beep is called in. You know that the barbers in the east have such a skilful way of manipulating the head, to this very day, they will put a man wide awake, sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks lie off. The shears, or razor, accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house loom could not do.

Suddenly she claps her hands and says, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone! He is in the hands of his enemies! I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is opened and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hand on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, he looks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza. In a previous sermon on this character I learned some lessons, but another class of lessons are before us now.

The Strong Not Always Wise.

Learn first how very strong people are sometimes coaxed into great imbecilities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Delilah's first attempt to find out is a failure. He says, "Green withes will bind me," but it was a failure. Then he says, "A new rope will hold me," but that also was a failure. Then he says, "If you my locks my head into a web and that will bind me," yet that also was a failure. But at last you see how she coaxed it out of him. Unimportant actions in life that involve no moral principle may, without injury, be subjected to ardent persuasions, but as soon as you have come to the line that separates right from wrong, no inducement or blandishment ought to make you step over it.

Suppose a man has been brought up in a Christian household and taught sacredly to observe the Sabbath. Sunday comes; you want fresh air. Temptation says, "Sunday is just like other days; now don't be bigoted; we will ride forth among the works of God; the whole earth is his temple; we will not go into any of the churches, now, but have the carriage engaged and we shall be back soon enough to go to church in the evening; don't yield to Puritanic notions; you will be no worse for a ride in the country; the blossoms are out and they say everything is looking glorious." "Well, I will go to please you," is the response. And out they go over the street, conscience drowned in the clatter of the swift hoofs and the rush of the resounding wheels. That tempted man may have had moral character enough to break the green withes of ten thousand Philistine allurements, but he has been overcome by coaxing.

Two young men passing down this street come opposite a drinking saloon, with a red lantern hung out from the door to light men to perdition. "Let us go in," says one. "No, I won't," says the other, "I never go to such places." "Now, you don't say you are as weak as that? Why, I have been going there for two years and it hasn't hurt me. Come, come now, be a man. If you can't stand anything stronger, take a little sherry. You need to see the world as it is. I don't believe in intemperance any more than you. I can stop drinking just when I want to. You shall go. Now, come right along." Persuasion has conquered. Samson yields to the coaxing, and there is carnival in hell that night among the Philistines, and they shout: "Ha! ha! we've got him."

Those who have the kindest and most sympathetic natures are the most in danger. Your very disposition to please others will be the very trap they set. If you were cold and harsh and severe in your nature you would not be tampered with. People never fondle a hedgehog. The most sentimental Greenlander never kisses an iceberg. The warmth and susceptibility of your nature will encourage the siren. Though strong as a giant, look out for Delilah's scissors. Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was overcome by coaxing.

An Ill-disposed Woman's Power.

Again, this narrative teaches the power of an ill-disposed woman. In the portrait gallery of Bible queens we find Abigail and Ruth and Miriam and Vashti and Deborah, but in the rogues' gallery of a police station you find the pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's picture belongs to the rogues' gallery, but she had more power than all Philisth armed with sword and spear. She could carry off the iron gates of Samson's resolution as easily as he shouldered the gates of Gaza. The force that had killed the lion which one day plunged out fierce from the thicket, unerringly succumbs to the silken net which Delilah weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in riotous retreat with the bleached jaw bone, smiting them hip and thigh with great slaughter, now falls captive at the feet of an unworthy woman. Delilah in the Bible stands in the memorable company of Adah, and Zillah, and Bathsheba, and Jezebel, and Athaliah, and Herodias. How deplorable the influence of such in contrast with Rebecca, and Phœbe, and Huldah, and Tryphœna, and Jephtha's daughter, and Mary, the mother of Jesus.

While the latter glitter in the firmament of God's word like constellations with steady, cheerful, holy light, the former shoot like baleful meteors across the terrified heavens, ominous of war, disaster and death. If there is a divine power in the good mother, her face bright with purity, an unselfish love beaming from her eye, a gentleness that by pangs and sufferings and holy anxieties has been mellowing and softening for many a year, uttering itself in every syllable, a dignity that cannot be dethroned, united with the playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst wound, her presence a perpetual benediction, her name our defense when we are tempted, her memory an outgushing well of tears and congratulation and thanksgiving, her heaven a palm waving and a coronal; then there is just as great an influence in the opposite direction in the bad mother, her brow beclouded with ungovernable passion, her eye flashing with unsanctified fire; her lips the fountain of fretfulness and depravity, her example a mildew and a blasting, her name a disgrace to coming generations, her memory a signal for bitterest anathema, her eternity a whirlwind and a suffocation and a darkness.

One wrong headed, wrong hearted mother may ruin one child, and that one child, grown up, may destroy a hundred people, and the hundred blast a thousand, and the thousand a million. The wife's sphere is a realm of honor and power almost unlimited. What a blessing was Sarah to Abraham, was Deborah to Lapidoth, was Zipporah to Moses, was Huldah to Shallum. There are multitudes of men in the marts of trade whose fortunes have been the result of a wife's iniquity. Four hands have been achieving that estate—two at the store, two at the home. The burdens of life are comparatively light when there are other hands to help us lift them. The greatest difficulties have often slunk away because there were four eyes to look them out of countenance. What care you for the hard knocks in the world as long as you have a bright domestic circle for harbor?

One cheerful word in the evening tide as you come in has silenced the clamor of unpaid notes and the disappointment of poor investments. Your table may be quite frugally spread, but it seems more beautiful to you than many tables that smoke with venison and blush with Burgundy. Inner mercies at the door, sits beside you at the table, lights up the evening stand and sings in the nursery. You have seen an aged couple who for scores of years have helped each other on in life's pilgrimage going down the steep of years. Long association has made them much alike. They rejoice at the same advent, they bent over the same cradle, they wept at the same grave. In the evening they sit quietly thinking of the past, mother kitting at the stand, father in his armchair at the fire.

Now and then a grandchild comes home, and they look at him with affection untold, and come well nigh spoiling him with kindnesses. The life currents beat feebly in their pulses, and their work will soon be done, and the Master will call. A few short days may separate them, but not far apart in time of departure, they join each other on the other side of the flood. Side by side let Jacob and Rachel be buried, but one will survive, and watch their graves. Let their tombstones stand alike marked with the rame Scripture. Children and grandchildren will come in the spring time to bring flowers. The patriarchs of the town will come and drop a tear over departed worth. Side by side at the marriage altar. Side by side in the long journey. Side by side in their graves. After life's fitful fever they slept well.

Good and Bad Women.

But there are, as my subject suggests, domestic scenes not so tranquil. What a curse to Job and Potiphar were their companions, to Ahab was Jezebel, to Jehoram was Athaliah, to John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to Samson was Delilah. While the most excellent and triumphant exhibitions of character we find among the women of history, and the world thrills with the names of Maacha, Antoinette and Josephine and Joan of Arc and Maria Theresa and hundreds of others who have ruled in the brightest homes and sung the sweetest cantos and enchanted the nations with their art and swayed the mightiest of scepters, on the other hand the names of Mary the First of England, Margaret of France, Julia of Rome, and Elizabeth Petrowna of Russia have scorched the rose of history with their abominations, and their names, like banished spirits, have gone shrieking and cursing through the world. In female biography we find the two extremes of excellence and crime. Woman stands nearest the gate of heaven or nearest the door of hell. When adorned for time she reaches a point of Christian elevation which man cannot attain, and when blasted of crime she sinks deeper than man can plunge. Yet I am glad that the instances in which woman makes utter shipwreck of character are comparatively rare.

You Will Find Good People if Good Yourself.

But, says some cynical spirit, what do you do with those words in Ecclesiastes where Solomon says: "Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not; one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all these have I not found." My answer is, that if Solomon had behaved himself with common decency and kept out of infamous circles he would not have had so much difficulty in finding integrity of character among women. He never would have uttered such a tirade. Ever since my childhood I have heard spinsters admiring Diogenes, the cynical philosopher who lived in a tub, for going through the streets of Athens in broad daylight with a lantern, and when asked what he did that for, said: "I am looking for an honest man."

Now, I warrant that that philosopher who had such hard work to find an honest man was himself dishonest. I think he stole both the lantern and the tub. So when I hear a man expatiating on the weaknesses of woman I immediately suspect him and say: There is another Solomon with Solomon's wisdom left out. Sir, I would not have the illustrious name you have given of transcendent unrighteousness in female biography lead you to suppose that there are no perils in woman's pathway. God's grace alone can make an Isabella Graham, or a Christina Alsop, or a Fidelia Fiske, or a Catharine of Siena. Temptations lurk about the brightest domestic circle. It was no unmeaning thing when God set up amidst the splendors of his word the character of infamous Delilah.

How Good Men Lose Strength.

Again, this strange story of the text leads me to consider some of the ways in which strong men get their locks shorn. God, for some reason best known to himself, made the strength of Samson to depend on the length of his hair; when the shears clipped it his strength was gone. The strength of men is various distributed. Sometimes it lies in physical development, sometimes in intellectual attainment, sometimes in heart force, sometimes in social position, sometimes in financial accumulation; and there is always a sharp shears ready to destroy it. Every day there are Samsons unguarded. I saw a young man start life under the most cheerful advantages. His acute mind was at home in all scientific dominions. He reached not only all rugged attainments, but by delicate appreciation he could catch the tinge of the cloud and the sparkle of the wave and the diapason of the thunder. He walked forth in life, head and shoulders above others in mental stature. He could wrestle with giants in opposing systems of philosophy and carry off the gates of opposing schools, and smite the enemies of truth hip and thigh with great slaughter. But he began to tamper with brilliant free thinking. Modern theories of the soul threw over him their unbelieving mists. Skepticism was the Delilah that shore his locks off, and all the Philistines of doubt and darkness and despair were upon him. He died in a very prison of unbelief, his eyes out.

Far back in the country districts—just where I purposely omit to say—there was born one whose fame will last as long as American institutions. His name was the terror of all enemies of free government. He stood, the admired of millions; the nation uncovered in his presence, and when he spoke senates sat breathless under the spell. The plotters against good government attempted to bind him with green withes and weave his locks in a web, yet he walked forth from the enthralment, not knowing the bad nurse a bond. But from the wine cup there arose a destroying spirit that came forth to capture his soul. He drank until his eyes grew dim and his knees knocked together and his strength failed. Exhausted with lifelong dissipations he went home to die. Ministers pronounced eloquent eulogiums, and poets sung, and painters sketched, and sculptors chiseled the majestic form into marble, and the world wept, but everywhere it was known that it was strong drink that came like the infamous Delilah and his locks were shorn.

From the island of Corsica there started forth a nature charged with unparalleled energies to make thrones tremble and convulse the earth. Piedmont, Naples, Bavaria, Germany, Italy, Austria and England rose up to crush the rising man. At the plunge of bayonets Battles burst open. The earth groaned with the agonies of Rivoli, Austerlitz, Saragossa and Eylau. Five million men slain in his wars. Crowns were showered at his feet, and kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to let him pass under, and Europe was lighted up at the conflagration of consuming cities. He could almost have made a causeway of human bones between Lisbon and Moscow. No power short of the omnipotent God could arrest him. But out of the ocean of human blood there arose a spirit in which the conqueror found more than a match. The very ambition that had rocked the world was now to be his destroyer. It grasped for too much, and in its effort lost all. He reached up after the scepter of universal dominion, but slipped and fell back into desolation and banishment. The American ship, damaged of the storm, today puts in at St. Helena and the crew go up to see the spot where the French exile expired in loneliness and disgrace, the mightiest of all Samsons shorn of his locks by ambition, that most merciless of all Delilahs.

The Earth Strewn with Slain Giants.

I have not time to enumerate. Evil associations, sudden successes, spendthrift habits, miserly proclivities and dissipation are the names of some of the shears with which men are every day made powerless. They have strewn the earth with the carcasses of giants and filled the great prison house with destroyed Samsons, who sit grinding the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out. If parents only knew to what temptations their children were subjected they would be more earnest in their prayers and more careful about their example. No young man escapes having the pathway of sin pictured in bright colors before him.

The first time I ever saw a city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the evening I looked out upon piled me with the infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk; I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me, and with a concentrated and diabolic effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! O young man! There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. All the victims of an impure life in all lands and ages could be gathered together, they would make a host vaster than that which Xerxes led across the Hellespont, than Timour led across India, than William the Conqueror led across England, than Abou-Bekr led across Syria; and if they could be stretched out in single file across this continent, I think the vanguard of the host would stand on the beach of the Pacific while yet the rear guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

Beware in Time.

I say this not because I expect to reclaim any one that has gone astray in this fearful path, but because I want to utter a warning for those who are maintaining their integrity. The cases of reclamation of those who have given themselves fully up to an impure life are so few, probably you do not know one of them. I have seen a good many start out on that road. How many have I seen come back? Not one that I now think of. It seems as if the spell of death is upon them and no human voice nor the voice of God can break the spell. Their feet are hoppled, their wrists are handcuffed. They have around them a girdle of reptiles bunched at the waist, fastening them to an iron doom; every time they breathe the forked tongues strike them and they strain to break away until the tensions snap and the blood exudes; and amidst their contortions they cry out: "Take me back to my father's house. Where is mother? Take me home! Take me home!" Do I stand before a man today the locks of whose strength are being toyed with, let me tell you to escape lest the shears of destruction take your moral and your spiritual integrity. Do you not see your sandals beginning to rot from off your feet? This day in the name of Almighty God I tear off the beautifying veil and the embroidered mantle of this old hag of iniquity, and I show you the ulcers and the bloody ichor and the cancered lip and the parting joints and the macerated limbs and the wriggling putrefaction, and I cry out: Oh, horror of horrors! In the stillness of this Sabbath hour let the battle ring. Remember it is much easier to form bad habits than to get clear of them; in one minute of time you may get into a sin from which all eternity cannot get you out. Oh, that the voice of God's truth might drown the voice of Delilah! Come into the ways of righteousness and the paths of peace, and by the grace of a pardoning God start for thrones of honor and dominion upon which you may reign, rather than travel the road to a dungeon where the destroyed grind in the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes shut.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Malignant Epizootic Catarrh.

J. J. S., (no state): Your hogs, no doubt, suffered from the disease named above. The disease is believed by many to result from a floating germ, which multiplies very rapidly, the mucous lining membrane of the hog being the point of attack. It is especially severe among hogs whose styes and skins are dirty, which checks perspiration. It also quickly finds a lodging place in hogs exposed to the chill of the night air. Sudden changes of the atmosphere, or cold showers of rain. Dr. Velpeau, the author of "Diseases of Live Stock," says: "The first form of the disease is when the membrane, which, commencing at the nostrils, continues to the windpipe and lungs. Here the earliest symptoms are a short, hoarse cough, hoarseness in the squeal, and a difficulty of breathing, indicated by a peculiar movement of the head, the head by holding the head in a peculiar, stretched, and somewhat drooping position. There is often some running from the nose, a slow gait, tottering or stiff, and signs of fever. Many make efforts to vomit. Generally there is constipation, but at times diarrhea. The second form has a short cough, less marked, and more difficulty or oppression in breathing. There is more decided weakness or palsy in the hind quarters, and the gait is more tottering. But as here the power of the poison is spent on the stomach and bowels, there is at first a costiveness, followed by a protuse and fetid diarrhea. The pain and soreness of the intestines are indicated by the spinal bending back, especially the loin portion, often to a very high degree. Together with these symptoms there may be affection of the brain, indicated by partial or entire blindness, a staggering gait and aimless movements; or a sympathy of the lymphatic system, shown by enlarged glands, and scrofulous ulcerations in different parts of the body."

The duration of the disease is from five to fifteen days. The nose and upper throat are always inflamed, and in the worst cases tenais, in the first form, to the lungs, which are generally inflamed. In the second form, the lining membrane of the intestines are generally inflamed and degenerated, the spleen or milt is usually enlarged, dark and soft, and the liver generally diseased. Professor Townsend recommends when the attack commences with copious and dark discharges from the bowels, to give at once, podophyllin, 20 grains, bi-carbonate of soda, 2 drachms, in a boiled potato or milk. If constipation is present, he would give castor oil 1 oz., oil of turpentine 1 drachm. Externally in the one form, and the abdomen in the other, is to be rubbed with blistering ointment; namely, as soon as the feverish symtoms abate: Powdered cantharides, 1 oz; olive or sweet oil, 4 ozs. Heat over a moderate fire for half an hour. If the first application fails to produce a good blister apply it again the next day. "When convalescence begins," says Mr. Teller, "give from 10 to 20 grains of the sulphate of iron every day for a few days, and if the lungs have been much affected, add to the dose 30 or 40 grains of carbonate of potash." The best preventive is comfortable, clean quarters and wholesome food.

Lame Colt.

T. H. T., Bevier, Missouri: You should be certain that the left shoulder of your two-year-old colt is affected before beginning treatment. You say "he walks with much difficulty on the end of his foot, and puts his foot down while standing." We are give you some ideas that may enable you to decide at what point the lameness exists. When the animal is at rest, the forefoot pointing, the foot in front of the fellow, indicates lameness of the leg. When in motion, foot brought down toe first, indicates sprain of the back sinews, sprain of the suspensory ligaments, navicular disease, shoulder lameness or side bones. The presence of side bones may be detected by pressing upon the cartilages. When in health, these are yielding and elastic, but where bony they lose this character and are hard, enlarged and unyielding. Nine cases of ten when a horse is lame and the disease is thought to be in the shoulder, it is located elsewhere. Examine the leg carefully, place your hand on the hoof near the coronet, and see if there is unusual heat. It may be that the trouble is far removed from the shoulder. If shoulder-joint lameness the animal drags his leg with the toe on the ground, and throws the leg out in attempting to move it. Feel the shoulder carefully. If you find heat, the trouble may be in the shoulder. A horse with a dislocated shoulder can not use the limb at all. So that your colt certainly has no dislocation. There is a trouble known as shoulder slip, which is peculiar outward slipping movement of the shoulder-joint at each step the animal takes when the foot of the limb is upon the ground. Any one not conversant with horse diseases might suppose that the shoulder is thrown out of joint. The cause of the difficulty is the relaxation of the muscles, which hold the bone firmly into the cavity of the joint. This allows the bone to slip around loosely, and is liable to result in sweeny. If you are sure that the trouble is in the shoulder, apply cloths wrung out in hot water to the shoulder for about two days. Then take of oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; spirits of camphor, 2 ozs.; kerosene oil, 1 oz.; shake well together and apply twice a day; rub it well in over and around the shoulder joint.

Gapes.

M. E. N., Wankon, Iowa: The indications are that your chickens died from an attack of gape worms. This is an infectious disease, and will destroy whole coops of fowls. When one is seen to gape, it should be removed from the others. As a preventative, give each fowl a bit of gum camphor the size of a grain of wheat; or a little turpentine may be given in meal, daily. Strip a feather almost to the top, and introduce it by a twisting motion to the windpipe. Draw it out by a twist, and you will remove the worms. This should be done every day for five or six days. These worms will choke the fowls to death. No fowl that is attacked should be allowed for a minute with the remainder of the flock. Clean the pens up well. Roup is another disease that is dangerous. In this mucus runs from the nose. The sick fowl should be taken away from the others at once. Wash the head of the sick one with warm soapsuds water, and inje t kerosene into the nose. Keep the fowls in a dry pen, in which there is no dampness. Do not permit other fowls to drink water from the same receptacle as the sick one, as the germs of the disease from the sick fowl float on the water and affect the well ones.

The Douglas Mixture for Fowls.

J. A., Pg. Hallock, Washington Territory: The Douglas mixture consists of half a pound of salt peter to a gallon and one ounce of sulphuric acid dissolved in two gallons of water, and is to be added in the proportion of one teaspoonful to each pint of water, in the fountain. Of course, you may make as small or large an amount of the mixture as you may need, according to the number of fowls you have. Keep the mixture in a jug or bottle well corked.

Paralysis in Horse.

A. L., Waterloo, Indiana: If you are certain that your horse is troubled with paralysis, give him a dose of 16 ozs. of raw linseed oil, in which has been dissolved, by the aid of a fire, an ounce of aloes, and mix likely to make the churning too long. In the experience of the writer, the only evil connected with slow churning has been the unnecessary labor involved. On the other hand, quick churning, except it be due to the favorable character and condition of the cream, has the effect of materially injuring the quality of the butter. It is desirable that the butter, when it "comes" be firm, not only for the sake of its quality and quantity, but for the sake of carrying out the whole process of washing and salting. This requirement can be met only by churning at a low temperature. Although a low temperature means longer churning, it has so much to recommend it that I strongly urged upon the reader—a lower temperature than what may have been his practice—even so low as 58 to 55 degrees, under favorable conditions. It may be here noted that if it has been necessary for any reason to churn at a somewhat high temperature and one which does not leave the butter firm, as sometimes happens when cream is peculiarly difficult to churn, it will be, as a rule, very advantageous to cool the contents of the churn towards the end of the churning—as soon as there is evidence of the "breaking" of the butter. This plan has merit, second only to that of doing the whole churning at a low temperature, but it requires temperature. It will sometimes be found necessary to vary the temperature owing to causes which it is well for the operator to know. The cream of some cows and some breeds is easier to churn than is the cream of other cows and breeds. The earlier after calving and the more succulent the food, the easier will be the churning. It is well known that the milk of cows fed on dry food during winter, and having been milked for months, will be more difficult to churn, requiring a higher temperature of the cream, or a longer time to churn, one or both. The better the condition of the cream, in respect of the ripening, the less the quantity of cream in churning, and, to a certain point, the larger the churn, the more quickly will butter come.

Where the churning is difficult, it may be helped, at least in some cases, by heating the new milk before setting it. Again, account must be taken of the fact that the agitation of churning itself raises the temperature more or less. How much the temperature of the cream may change, will depend somewhat upon the surrounding atmosphere. In the warm days of summer, when churning is done in a cold room the rise is considerable. In winter, if the churning be done in a very cold room the temperature may actually fall. Owing to such changeable conditions as those enumerated, it becomes necessary to vary the temperature at different times. And yet this question is not so complicated as it may appear. While it is well to know these influences, one does not need always to take them into account and nicely to balance them. It is enough to remember the simple rule already given to churn at as low a temperature as will bring all the butter, and do it in a reasonable time.

In winter, to avoid a wearisome length of time in churning, it will be found necessary to churn at a higher temperature than that of summer, especially where the cows have been giving milk for months and the feed is somewhat of a dry character. In summer all the conditions are favorable to churning at a very low temperature. If, however, a regulation temperature be imperatively demanded, let it be from 55 to 58 degrees in summer, and to 58 to 62 degrees winter. The temperature for churning sweet cream will need to be somewhat lower than that for sour cream, in order to avoid loss of butter and the time required to bring the butter will be longer.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A Railroad Can't Suspend Operations on Non-Paying Lines.

Judge Love, of the Federal court, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, rendered a decision, on Sept. 27, which settles the right of railroads to suspend operation of non-paying lines.

Attorney Sheldon, of Chicago, for the United Trust company, applied to the court for an order on the receiver of the Wabash system to have the road known as the Clarinda branch, connecting Roseberry, Mo., and Clarinda, Iowa, suspended on the ground that receipts of the branch were not sufficient to pay expenses.

The order was refused the court declaring that railroads are governed by their constitutions, public conveyances and common carriers. The right to build a road through private property was granted on the representation that the road would furnish transportation for the public.

People are dependent upon such roads for transportation. Courts have no right to deprive people of their transportation on the ground that the road does not pay expenses. By obtaining the right of way from the people they were cut off from all other similar means of transportation and the court has no means of knowing what damage to merchants would ensue from the granting of this order. It is not the duty of the court to ascertain such facts. If the railway commissioners choose to make such inspection, the court will not interfere, but no such order as this will be granted.

GLASS TRUST.

The Deal Confirmed—A Gigantic Combine.

Thomas D. Catlin, of the Ottawa, Ill., window glass company, on Sept 25, in response to a request for information concerning the sale of the Ottawa glass factories to the United g ass company of New York, affirmed the report of the sale of the Illinois factories.

The Ottawa, Streator and Rock Island factories, the only ones in Illinois together with all the factories in New York except the one at Clyde and the one at Syracuse, four in Northern Pennsylvania, and others in Ohio and elsewhere, a total number of 50 or more, have been actually purchased by the United company.

The principal stock of the company is held, or will be held by the stockholders of the local or purchased factories, with Mr. Frazier as president. The present headquarters are at New York, but whether they would be maintained there or removed to Chicago is not known. The company has made no purchases in the Pittsburg district, nor was it the intention to make any, that city being unfavorably located.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

THE CAMPAIGN.

NEW YORK.

The Republicans Adopt a Splendid Platform and Nominate a Strong Ticket.

The New York state Republican convention met at Saratoga on Sept. 25. Chairman Knapp called the convention to order and prayer was offered by Dr. McKean. Chauncey M. Depew was then chosen temporary chairman, and as he went toward the speaker's chair he was greeted with great fervor.

After several times three cheers had been given, he briefly addressed the convention. The silence and hush attested the interest of the convention. In Mr. Depew's reference to the growth of the South American states, almost unnoted by the United States, but fostered by England.

And when Mr. Blaine's control of the nation's foreign affairs and devotion to South American commerce was referred to by Mr. Depew the applause was again awakened. When Mr. Depew referred to rumors of Republican dissensions in this state and then shouted "The Republican party of the state is all here," the delegates nudged each other in approval, and craned their necks to see how ex-Senator Miller and Senator Hiscock received the utterance.

Both those gentlemen were immobile of feature, however. Reference to the control of the liquor traffic was warmly received and again Mr. Miller's face was scanned for some evidence of approval. Not a line of his face relaxed, however, and his hands were still.

At the conclusion, Delegate Cronin, of New York, moved a resolution of sympathy with Irish patriots and the cause of home rule, which was adopted.

The usual committees were then appointed and a recess taken until 3:30.

The New York Republican convention adopted the following platform:

The Republicans of New York rejoice in the restoration of Republican supremacy in the nation, and take pride in the part this state had in that result. We congratulate President Harrison upon the success of his administration, and declare our perfect confidence in its integrity, efficiency and patriotism. We re-affirm the national Republican platform of 1888, and emphasize our approval of those doctrines; we declare for protection to American industries and American labor; the extension of American shipping interests; liberal and equitable pension laws and a discriminating preference of union veterans in appointments to public offices; a national election law to secure the honest choice of representatives in Congress; the restoration of the efficiency of the postal service; the rehabilitation of the navy; the purification and elevation of the civil service; the encouragement of popular education and the promotion thereby of national patriotism; we commend the action of successive Republican legislatures in enacting wise and beneficient public measures, including the law taxing collateral inheritances, which has already relieved the burdens of taxation by over $2,000,000, the law taxing incorporations which produces $200,000 annually, the law making employes first preferred creditors in assignments, the law providing for the proper discipline and employment of convicts, and law protecting the products of the farm and dairy; the resolutions in favor of Gov. Hill for vetoing such measures as the constitutional convention bill, the excise reform bills, the ballot reform bill, and the liquor tax bill, and continue as follows: The repeated efforts by Republican legislatures to secure ballot reform and thoroughly practicable temperance legislation, are proofs of the right purpose and good faith of the Republican party. No step backward will be taken, and we pledge our determination to preserve until salutary and adequate provisions of law on these vital subjects are embodied in the statutes of the state.

We urge the continuance of efforts to render impossible improper combination and conspiracies known as "trusts" which have for their object the restriction of trade and the enhancement in cost of the necessaries of life.

The maintenance of the canal system in its highest efficiency and usefulness is demanded as necessary to the regulation of freight rates and the continued commercial supremacy of this state.

Resolved, That this convention recognizes the importance of the great historical event which it is proposed to commemorate by the world's fair of 1892. Appreciating the stimulating effect of such a celebration upon the industrial and commercial interests of the country and the national welfare, we heartily indorse the enterprise and declare that it should be conducted on a scale and in a manner commensurate with the greatness of the nation and the patriotism of the people. The selection of the chief city of the Empire state, the commercial metropolis of this continent, as the place for this fair, is hereby cordially approved. We commend that action being promptly taken by congress and the legislature of this state as shall be needed to make this great event a success.

State officers were nominated as follows:

For secretary of state, John I. Gilbert, of Malone.

For comptroller, Martin W. Cook, of Mexico.

For state treasurer, Ira W. Hedges, of Rockland.

For attorney general, Gen. James M. Varnum, of New York.

For state engineer, William P. Van Rennsalear, of Seneca.

For judge of the court of appeals, Judge A. Haight, of Buffalo.

With the exception of the judgeship, all the nominations were unanimous, only one name being presented. For the judgeship the name of Judge Alfred Conkling Coxe was also presented, but Judge Haight was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 440 to 311.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

It Excites the Greatest Interest in Washington—What is Said.

The Ohio campaign is being discussed in Washington city by politicians of all stripes. It is a safe thing to say that no state struggle for many years past has attracted such general attention as the one now fairly opened in Ohio. Governor Foraker has, on the one hand, so many devoted friends, and on the other such a numerous array of vicious enemies, that the contest cannot be anything but exciting.

In talking to a leading Ohioan, who is probably as well posted as any man in the state, I asked how far the opposition to Gov. Foraker extended in the Republican ranks. He said that, of course, it was impossible for a man to continue as long in office as he had without incurring a good deal of bad feeling, and there are many who have been disappointed by the governor who are now sore and swear they will not vote for his re-election. Some of these men will keep their word, but the majority, I believe, will vote the straight Republican ticket when the time comes. There is not a number who can seem to be scared by the third term. You see we have never had any real boss in the Republican party in Ohio. In fact there has been little of bossism in politics in our state anyway. Allen G. Thurman came the nearest to being a boss of any one in Ohio, but he was not a boss. Some people, however, think that if Foraker should be re-elected that it would make him a dictator in state politics, and they are somewhat torn up in their minds over this idea. The most of these, however, will get over their scare before election day and vote to keep the governor in office.

"Have you any doubt as to the outcome of the election?" I asked.

"No, I have not," was the reply. "I believe Governor Forsker will be re-elected. Perhaps not with so big a majority as some of his sanguine friends anticipate, but still with a fair majority. This, however, can not be accomplished without a great deal of hard work, and every Republican ought to put forth his best efforts. I understand that Senator Sherman is going to do some good work in the campaign. Personally, I have been satisfied all along that he would do this. I know Sherman felt hard against the governor on account of his action in the Chicago convention, but to those who know the inside history of that convention, it is perfectly plain that it was no time during its proceedings could John Sherman have been nominated. The governor has made an explanation of his course there which ought to satisfy both the senator and his friends.

"Another thing should be remembered by those Republicans who are disposed to kick, and that is that it is the interests of the Republican party in the state far more than those of any single individual that are at stake. Personal animosities and private grievances should all be laid aside and a united front against the common enemy should be presented. The administration should be sustained by a Republican victory. The administration has done pretty well by Ohio. She hasn't got so many very big offices, but she has got a lot of smaller ones, which reach quite as far in influence and much further in benefit to the party in the state.

"How about the legislature?" I asked. "Will the Republicans be able to carry that and send a Republican successor to Senator Payne?"

"We certainly intend doing that," he said, "and you can make up your mind that John Sherman will have a Republican colleague from his own state. The managers of the campaign are fully alive to the importance of securing a Republican majority in both branches of the legislature, and there is no doubt that success will crown their efforts. Why, many who at present are hesitating whether they shall vote for Foraker, have been working with all their might to secure the return of Republican legislators from their districts. The whole outlook is very encouraging, and I am confident that not all the money that Senator Payne can spend in this canvass will be able to make the legislature Democratic. There is a deep feeling among the people in this state that the stigma which attaches to the state on account of Payne's election, must be wiped out by the return of a Republican to the United States Senate."

MARYLAND DEMOCRATS.

A Platform Adopted and a Ticket Placed in the Field.

The Democratic state convention was called to order at 12:45 p. m. on Sept. 26, at Baltimore, by the Hon. Stevenson Archer, chairman of the state central committee. James Hodges, ex-mayor of Baltimore, was chosen temporary chairman.

In his speech Mr. Hodges criticised severely the independent Democrats of Baltimore and designated them as assistant Republicans. The usual committees were then appointed and the temporary organization made permanent.

The resolutions reaffirm the platform adopted by the National Democratic convention of 1888, at St. Louis.

They condemn as unjust in having inflicted serious injury upon the people, and which, unless arrested, will create great distress by limiting the supply and ruinously enhancing the price of many articles of prime necessity, at the mere pleasure of the managers of illegal combines.

They declare for a new assessment of property in order that the burdens of taxation may be equally distributed. The platform favors "a judicious adjustment of licenses to sell liquor, with the superadded restrictive features which experience elsewhere has proved to be salutary and effectual, such legislation should be made mandatory, and subserve the double purpose of reducing the tax rate on property and of removing largely from our midst the vice of intemperance."

The party pledges itself to review of the registration of voters and the elective franchise so that at the coming legislature, stringent provisions may be adopted to preserve the purity of the ballot box, and declares their sincere and earnest purpose to recognize and enforce all the civil and political rights of the colored people, but insists that the schools for the white and colored children shall be kept separate and distinct.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Republican State Convention and Its Work.

The Republican state convention to nominate a complete state ticket was called to order at Boston on Sept. 25, by Chairman J. O. Burdett, of the state committee. The convention was the largest one of the most interesting ever held in the state. Mr. Burdett was chosen temporary chairman. The usual committees were then appointed. Ex-Gov. Robinson was selected for permanent chairman and on taking the chair addressed the committee at considerable length.

At the afternoon session of the Republican state convention the first ballot for governor was announced as follows:

J. Q. A.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The President made the following appointments on Oct. 1:

To be Registers of Land Offices—GEORGE A. ROYCE, of Michigan, at Marquette, Mich.; L. M. LANGE, of Minnesota, at Marshall, Minn.; CHAS. R. KINGSLEY, of Idaho, at Boise City, Idaho; LEE MONROE, of Kansas, at Wakeeney, Ks.; JAS. R. HUDSON, of Arkansas, at Camden, Ark.; CHAS. M. GREEN, of Arkansas, at Harrison, Ark.; HORACE W. MANN, of Wyoming, at Buffalo, Wyo.; ALEXANDER L. MORRISON, of New Mexico, at Santa Fe., N. M.

To be receivers of public moneys—CHARLES W. BANKS, of Kansas, at Salina, Kan.; W. E. GRIFFIN, of Nevada, at Eureka, Nev.; ALFRED A. TUFTS, of Arkansas, at Camden, Ark.; FELIX BAKER, of Arkansas, at Harrison, Ark.; JOS. PERRAULT, of Idaho, at Boise City, Idaho; HENRY E. TARPLEY, of Salem, Ore., to be commissioner in and for the district of Alaska, to reside at Ounalaska; J. HAL. APPLEGATE, of Oregon, to be ——— for the Indians of the Klamath agency in Oregon.

TANNER'S WORK.

The Report of the Investigation Committee Leaking Out.

The report of Messrs. Ewing, Campbell and Bruce, the commission that investigated the pension office, though closely guarded by the Interior department officials, is generally becoming known. It is known that the report takes up each re-rating case separately, and each case is an exhibition itself. Stress is laid upon the fact that Deputy Commissioner Hiram Smith, jr., received over $6,000 as a re-rating. This action of his comes in for severe criticism in the report. Whether Mr. Smith has returned the $6,000 or not the report does not state. Mr. Smith receives his pension in the Topeka agency.

Secretary Noble, in view of the report of the commission, has himself questioned Mr. Smith as to the facts attending the re-rating. The report also condemns Mr. Squires, especially for his action in making cases special. It states that Mr. Squires possessed the stamp of Mr. Tanner as commissioner, and affixed it to papers without the commissioner's knowledge. The number of such cases—a very large number—is given, and Commissioner Tanner criticised for his carelessness in thus entrusting his official prerogative to a mere private secretary, who violated the confidence reposed in him.

The names of the pension office officials who caused themselves to be re-rated form a conspicuous part of the report. Several were discharged at the time by Secretary Noble, and they now point to the fact that the one who received the largest amount of all, Deputy Commissioner Smith, is still in office.

A member of the board, who made the investigation, intimated to the reporter that the chief culprits were still in position, but would soon follow Mr. Tanner into private life.

THE THREE TARIFF BILLS.

Appraiser Sharrett's Compilation of Their Best Features.

Appraiser Sharrett, of Baltimore, Md., has transmitted to the secretary of the Treasury a report in reply to a request for a compilation of the best features of the three tariff bills presented to Congress. It recommends protection of home industries, but urges that raw material and goods, not indigenous to the United States, should be admitted free, especially when they do not interfere with home industries, as wool, tin, salt and lumber.

As foreign wool must be used to mix with the domestic article to compete with the foreigner it should be free, as a high cost limits production of raw wool here. If it is free, the mixed tariff of the senate bill is superfluous. But if a tariff on raw wool is to remain, the mixed tariff is indispensable, which is a specific or double duty on raw wool together with an ad valorem duty on the manufactured articles.

It recites that Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and the Pacific coast are interested in cheap tin, and that the output depends upon demand, which in turn fluctuates as with the cost of the output. The demand for canned goods being decreased by an increased cost of 12 cents a dozen, caused by the tariff of 1 cent a pound, affects the hundreds of thousands of people engaged in the canning industry. It recommends free tin plate, terne plates and taggers' tin.

SHERMAN AND VIRGINIA.

The Ohio Senator Taking a Deep Interest in Mahone.

Senator Sherman is taking a deep interest in the campaign in Virginia, and has ever since his return from Europe been busily engaged in securing the largest possible amount of patronage for the use of Mahone. He wrote the following letter, which is self-explanatory:

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1889.

Magnus L. Robinson, Esq., Chairman Mahone Invincibles, Alexandria:

DEAR SIR:—I regret that I will not be able to accept your kind invitation to attend the ratification meeting at Alexandria to-morrow evening. I, however, take the deepest interest in the success of Gen. Mahone, not only for the sake of Virginia, but the whole country.

I believe the election of Gen. Mahone will be a bright, auspicious event in the history of the country. It would be the turning of Virginia in the direction of progress and prosperity, and do more than anything else to lift the politics of our country above the contentious and prejudices of the past.

The election of so distinguished a Confederate officer by the Republican party would not only show that we feel that the time has come when the memories of the war should be forgotten, and the development of our resources, the education of the young, without distinction of race or color, honest methods in politics and a strict observance of the public faith be the object and aim of the people of all sections, north and south.

Very truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN.

When the senator feels pretty sure of Virginia he will visit Ohio to say a word or two.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

The Testimony Printed and Ready to Present to Congress.

The government printing office has just completed the immense work of printing the testimony in the contested election cases which will come up for settlement before the Fifty-first congress. Following are the titles to the cases: Chalmers vs. Morgan, Mississippi; Langston vs. Venable, Virginia; Waddill vs. Wise, Virginia; Posey vs. Parrott, Indiana; Miller vs. Elliott, South Carolina; Bowen vs. Buchan, Virginia; Kernaghan vs. Hooker, Mississippi; Threet vs. Clark, Alabama; Atkinson vs. Pendleton, West Virginia; McDuffie vs. Turpin, Alabama; Hill vs. Catchings, Mississippi; Goodrick vs. Bullock, Florida; Eaton vs. Phelan, Tennessee; Mudd vs. Compton, Maryland; Featherston vs. Cate, Arkansas; McGinnis vs. Alderson, West Virginia; Smith vs. Jackson, West Virginia. The total number of pages in the entire work is 15,554, which, at 3,000 ems to the page (solid brevier), amounts to 46,662,000 ems.

To Buy the Land.

In a few days, Secretary Proctor will send a board of army officers, in company with a committee of the Indian Rights association, to conclude the purchase of the tract of land in North Carolina, upon which Geronimo and his Indians, now in Alabama, will be placed.

This tract is in Western North Carolina, near the Tennessee line, from which it is separated by the great Smokey mountains. There are a number of Cherokees living there now, remnants of a band which refused to go to the Indian Territory, and a Quaker settlement.

Land Commissioner Groff.

Land Commissioner Groff has recommended the appointment of Thomas P. Wilson, formerly a court reporter at Omaha, as his confidential secretary. When questioned on Sept. 27, as to his future policy in administering the affairs of the general land office, Mr. Groff replied that he had no policy, except to administer the laws honestly and fairly.

Large Potato Crop.

The Chicago *Farmer's Review* of October 3 has report that the potato crop of 1889 will probably exceed in quantity that of any previous year in the United States. The acreage is less than last year, but the conditions of growth have, in general, been very favorable, and there has been an unusual absence of insect enemies. The total crop is estimated at 233,700,000 bushels, which exceeds last year's crop by over 17,000,000 bushels.

FOREIGN.

FROM PORT-AU-PRINCE.

Everything Reported Quiet in the Black Republic.

The steamer Oranje Nassau arrived from Port-au-Prince at New York on Sept. 27, and was detained at quarantine, under the new law compelling all vessels from fever-infected ports to wait ten days from the date of sailing before entering New York.

She brought twelve passengers. Among the number were Count de Sasmaisois, the French envoy extraordinary to Hayti, wife and son.

The Oranje-Nassau was in Port-au-Prince only two hours.

Her captain says that everything was apparently quiet and peaceful in the black republic.

Several United States men-of-war were lying at anchor in the harbor, and the Haytian war steamer Belitz, erstwhile flag ship of the Legitime navy, but now the property of the United People, was also lying close to Port-au-Prince.

China Has a Story of Interest to Speculators.

News of the discovery of rich gold-bearing quartz in the province of Canton, China, about 100 miles from the city of Canton, has been received at Portland, Oregon, by Seid Back, a prominent Chinese merchant. The discovery was made five months ago, when Chinese merchants of the Pacific coast organized a company with $20,000 capital.

Experts from New York who examined the ledge report that the rock assays from $375 to $400 per ton. The ledge is a mile and a half long and thirty feet thick. The governor of the province, when he heard of the discovery, issued a proclamation against mining. It is the intention of the company to spend $200,000 for machinery in the United States. Miners will be employed to work the mines.

Another Strike at Rotterdam—London to Take a Hand.

The strike which started among the dock laborers at Rotterdam, Holland, is spreading to other occupations. The employes of several cigar factories have joined the movement. The strikers, headed by socialist leaders, paraded the streets on the 27th, and afterward attempted to prevent the loading of the steamer Holland. The police intervened and the loading of the steamer proceeded.

Several of the ship owners have resolved not to grant the increase of wages demanded by the strikers.

Bodies of the strikers gathered together the same afternoon and became so menacing in their demonstrations that the police dispersed them with their sabres. The communal guard has been called out to assist the police in preserving order.

At a meeting of the strikers held on the evening of Sept. 27, it was resolved to exclude all socialists from the movement and to conduct the strike in an orderly manner. The resolution was adopted amid cheers for the House of Orange. A workman was expelled from the meeting for attempting to make a socialist oration.

Boulanger's Movements.

It is reported that General Boulanger will leave London and take up his residence in the Isle of Jersey. It is said that the change is due to his desire to reduce his expenses, as the persons who have been furnishing him financial support are refusing to continue to supply him with money.

He has had a quarrel with Henri Rochefort. M. Rochefort will visit Egypt and pass the winter there unless he is granted an amnesty by the French government.

Honoring Edison.

The grand cross of a commander of the Legion of Honor has been bestowed upon Thomas A. Edison. M. Spuller, French minister of foreign affairs, in conferring the decoration upon Mr. Edison, said it was given in honor of the services rendered by him to science and for the part taken by him in the Paris exposition.

M. Spuller also said that America was splendidly represented at the exposition, and that the presence of her exhibits testified to the indissoluble bonds which bind France and America together.

The Pope's Power.

Six thousand Catholics at a meeting at Munich, on Sept. 25, adopted resolutions expressing sympathy with the Pope in his difficult and unpleasant position, and favoring restoration of temporal power as the only remedy for his grievances. The Pope sent a telegram blessing the meeting and intimating that its devotion was a source of joy and comfort to him.

Floods in Mexico.

The city of Lagis, Mexico, is partially inundated. In eight of its wards and in several villages in its vicinity, the streets and open spaces are entirely covered by water. A detachment of federal troops is engaged in providing for the safety of the sufferers by the overflow. The floods, which are steadily increasing, have done great damage to crops, but no lives have been lost.

Parnell Fund.

The subscriptions to the fund to meet the expenses of Mr. Parnell in his defense before the Parnell commission, have closed. The total amount subscribed is £41,000.

Miners on a Strike.

A number of the miners employed in the collieries at Mons, Belgium, have gone out in a strike.

WYOMING.

The Delegates Have a Tussle With the Trust Question.

The Wyoming state convention at Cheyenne, on Sept. 24, adopted laws governing corporations. No corporation organized under the laws of Wyoming or any other jurisdiction shall be permitted to do business in this state until it shall have accepted the constitution of Wyoming and filed such acceptance in accordance with the laws thereof. No laws shall be enacted limiting the amount of damages to be recovered from corporations for causing the death of any employe or any person.

Any agreement or contract with any employe waiving any right to recover damages for causing the death or injury of any employe shall be void. Regarding trusts, the law provides that there shall be no consolidation or combinations of corporations of any kind whatever to prevent competition, to control or influence production or prices thereof, or in any other manner to interfere with the public good and general welfare.

The Constitutional convention on the 26th settled the question of taxation, which had aroused considerable debate. It was finally concluded that the definite amount of royalty should be left entirely in the hands of the legislature. The improved coal and other material land acreage must be assessed for taxation, and it is made obligatory upon the legislature to fix a royalty upon the coal tonnage.

A limitation of 4 mills on the dollar is placed upon taxation for state purposes except in case of school and public charities, and for the payment of state indebtedness and interest. Counties are not permitted to levy more than 12 mills, except in payment of debt incurred previous to the adoption of the constitution.

Cities and towns are limited to eight mills. Public moneys must be deposited in national banks, and the interest must go to the state. A provision was adopted making eight hours a legal day's work. The convention will finish its labors this week.

The constitutional convention on Sept. 26 selected Cheyenne as the seat of government for ten years, or until a majority of the people vote a change. Grant lands may be sold at any time for not less than $10 per acre. The coal mine chapter favors the laborers. Educational provisions are very liberal. The oath of office prescribed in the constitution is extremely rigid and contemplates abolishment of boodle campaigns.

A Pioneer, Col. Robert Patton Crockett, Dies at Rucker's Creek.

Col. Robert Patton Crockett died at his residence on Rucker's Creek, Texas, on Sept. 26, in the 73d year of his age. He was one of Hood county's pioneer settlers, locating there in 1854. His death removes the only remaining son of Davy Crockett.

Immediately after the fall of the Alamo, and the massacre of his father by Santa Anna's brutal soldiers, he left his home in Tennessee, and joined the Texas revolutionists.

After peace was declared and victory achieved by the Texans he returned to Tennessee, where he married and settled down. In 1854 he moved to Texas, bringing with him his aged mother, Elizabeth Crockett, who died here in 1860.

On the evening of August 11 he sustained serious injuries by a frightened team running away with the wagon, and suffered intensely till his death.

GENERAL NEWS.

BLAINE-McCORMICK.

Wedding of Emmons Blaine and Miss Anita McCormick, of Chicago.

The marriage of Emmons Blaine, son of James G. Blaine, and Miss Anita McCormick, took place at Richfield Springs, New York, on Sept. 26. The weather was not good wedding weather, but there was, despite the sodden gloom of the air, much cheer among the wedding guests about the hotel piazzas and the hasty decorations of the little stores and shops gave some relief against the sombre day. "It's going to be the quietest wedding you ever saw," ejaculated the to-be groom, referring to the event in a chat with an Associated Press reporter. "Presents? Yes, but they will not be shown to-day and we have determined not to make any statements as to trousseau or bridal dress, save the fact that the latter will be of valenciennes lace and white satin."

Some one, however, had told about the bridal attire and this was what the ladies summarized when they saw the young bride at the church.

A gown whose entire front was of valenciennes lace, meeting a train of white satin. The waist was of white satin, and a fichu of lace fell softly about the throat, the fichu of the style of Marie Antoinette. The sleeves were of soft lace, reaching to the wrist, and the veil was caught up by a coronet of orange blossoms.

Mr. Blaine stated that there would be no bridesmaids, but that the ushers had been chosen from among the friends of Miss McCormick, and from his own, their names being: F. A. Keep, of Chicago; C. F. Sprague, of Boston, and two brothers of the bride, Harold and Stanley McCormick.

About the Bride.

Miss Anita McCormick is a granddaughter of the inventor of the famous patent reaper that came into existence just about the time that the Western wheat fields began to be developed and something more rapid and effectual than scythes and sickles was needed if the country was to develop its great riches and feed half the world with its products.

Miss McCormick is in her early twenties, is decidedly good looking, and, as might be expected under the circumstances, is a very high-spirited, independent young woman, with a good deal of characteristic Western frankness and confidence in herself. She is a very jovial young person, running over with animal spirits, and has always been a favorite, not only in her own city, but in Washington as well, where she has often visited.

She spends something like six or eight thousand a year on clothes and is said to be the best dressed unmarried woman in Chicago. She goes over to Paris once a year and is measured for everything freshly, and then throughout the twelve-month orders as she needs from those measures.

A Passion for Lace.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine's trousseau it is needless to say is very handsome. Lace is her special luxury, and this she has spent thousands upon, so that every piece is covered with cascades of the most exquisite webs from Europe where lace is made.

She has a fancy for white underclothes, too, and nearly every garment is of the snowiest mull or silk, the only color being from the narrow ribbons run through the laces, and in many instances the ribbons are white also. Her bridal garments are of white India silk, trimmed with the most beautiful Irish point, and this same point trims one of the few tinted sets in the trousseau, one of pale lemon color, which also includes a silk petticoat and satin corset.

The bridal stockings are of white silk, embroidered with silver thread, and there are other pairs of white stockings, embroidered with gold and different colors. This is a new fashion, introduced by Miss McCormick, who likes white stockings as well as white underclothes, and who sent directions with her order to Paris that instead of sending stockings of a color to match each costume they should be white, embroidered with silks the shade of the dress.

A Pouring Rain During the Wedding Services.

The little Presbyterian church in which the ceremony took place sits upon a knoll overlooking the village. It was lighted by electric lamps, and its arches were trimmed with smilax, autumn leaves upon the branches, and ferns also turning in color from green to red. The pulpit was bedded in flowers.

As the guests began arriving at the church soon after 11:30 a. m., the low dragging and water-soaked clouds commenced breaking into rain. Ten minutes before the hour for the ceremony, Mr. Elkins and wife entered, and were soon followed by Secretary of State Blaine and wife.

The father of the groom was pale of face and wore a wan expression, though his eyes brightened and he stepped lightly and quickly behind his wife, who led the way down to one of the plain short pews at the front.

The mother of the bride, plainly attired, entered soon after noon, and it was now that the bridal party was making its way from the carriages to the shelter of the awning above the pathway from the curb to the church porch. The clergymen entered the church almost simultaneously, and the young groom followed them.

At that moment the bride, attired as stated would be the case, entered upon the arm of her married brother, Cyrus. Mr. Emmons Blaine awaited her upon the altar step, and, presenting themselves, Dr. Holmes began reading the marriage service as it is in the Presbyterian church, Dr. Johnson taking up the ceremony.

When asking who should give the bride away, the response was from the brother Cyrus, who advanced and with hands upon the clasped hands of the bridal couple gave his sister to the keeping of the groom.

The marriage was consummated with a ring, the couple kneeling during invocation of Divine blessing upon the union. The newly wedded pair led the procession from the church at 12:25 p. m., embarking in carriages for a drive through the pouring rain to the McCormick cottage, whither the invited guests followed and sat down to the wedding breakfast.

Mrs. Blaine is taller than her husband, being quite tall and slender. Her hair is wholly black; her eyes are dark, her eyebrows straight and deep black, and her complexion, if otherwise than fair, has a hue as of hot suns upon it.

The chin is delicate, sensitive and clearly cut. Her carriage is erect. She had on her face, when emerging from the church, an expression of lively, though not petulant, interest in the weather prevailing on her wedding day.

At 2:15 the couple started on the trip to Bar Harbor.

Miss Margaret Blaine to be Married Next Spring.

Miss Margaret Blaine and Walter L. Damrosch are engaged, and the lady, who with her younger sister, Hattie, attended Emmons Blaine's wedding, freely accepted the congratulations of her friends and relatives thereon. The engagement will be formally announced immediately after the wedding of Emmons. Miss Blaine and Mr. Damrosch first met on Carnegie's coaching trip in Scotland. The wedding will probably take place next spring.

CORNER IN COTTON.

Liverpool Excited Over the Closing Prices of the Month.

A large number of operators and others interested in the cotton market gathered in the Liverpool Cotton Exchange on the morning of Sept. 30 expecting the greatest crisis of late years, owing to the corner in the September options engineered by Mr. Steenstrand.

The market for that option opened quietly at a decline of one point. Prices immediately dropped two points more, and then steadied. The month went out at 6 22 64 d sellers, 30 points under the highest prices for that month. Mr. Steenstrand holds from 70,000 to one hundred thousand bales of American cotton, the price of which on Oct. 1 was a half-penny below the prices obtained Saturday. The spinners close their mills for a fortnight, the accommodating of cotton will further depreciate prices.

The new crop is pouring in rapidly, and this will lessen Mr. Steenstrand's opportunities for disposing of his stock. It is the general opinion that the cotton ring is utterly smashed.

Prohibitory League.

The first convention of the Union Prohibitory league of Pennsylvania, nonpartisan organization, having for its purpose the suppression of saloons outside of party lines, was held in Harrisburg on Sept. 26. The platform declares the constitutional prohibitory amendment failed in June last because of unfair political methods of those opposed to it. As the constitution cannot be amended for five years to come, it favors a most restrictive legislation, and enforcement of present policy of prohibition in counties which voted therefor.

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Twenty-second Annual Reunion in Cincinnati.

The second annual reunion of the society of the Army of the Tennessee, was held at Cincinnati on Sept. 25 and 26. Col. L. M. Dayton, so well known in the army as Gen. Sherman's faithful staff officer, and who has been the secretary of the society since its organization, attended to registering names and receiving dues. Promptly at 10 o'clock on the 25th, the members formed in line and with Generals Sherman, Howard and Dodge at the head marched to College Hall, two squares distant, where the business meeting was held.

Gen. Sherman, on taking the chair, made no formal speech, but pleasantly congratulated the members upon so large an assembly of men in such apparent good health. He said that, looking down into their faces, he could almost recognize every member of the society who had once been members of the Army of the Tennessee. He then proceeded to business.

Chicago was unanimously selected as the place for the next reunion, the time to be announced by the president of the society. It was agreed that the meeting should be held co-incident with the unveiling of the Grant monument in that city, the ceremonies of which are to be under the auspices of the society.

Gen. Andrew Hickenlooper, of Cincinnati, was unanimously chosen as orator of the occasion on behalf of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

The report of the treasurer, Gen. M. F. Force, was received and approved, after a member had demurred to an intimation from Gen. Force that he would not be a candidate for re-election.

A long list was read of contributors to the amount of $3 each to the fund for the erection of an equestrian statue to Gen. John A. Logan at Washington, D. C. A number of inquiries were made concerning the matter of subscribing, indicating a general desire among the members to send in contributions.

Gen. Sherman recommended that they be sent to Gen. Baum, at Washington, D. C. It was voted to retain the permanent headquarters of the society at Cincinnati, but the annual reunions may be held in various places.

Col. D. W. C. Loudon entertained the members with a paper on the citizen soldier which was devoted to showing how four years of hardship had made better citizens of the men who fought for their country.

At the close of the routine business calls were made upon Gen. Howard and others for remarks to fill up the time until the time for the reception at the Chamber of Commerce.

The society marched to the Chamber of Commerce, and were given a royal reception. Gen. Sherman was greeted with prolonged cheering when he made a short address to the merchants of the city.

At the business meeting of the Army of the Tennessee on the 26th officers were elected as follows: President, Gen. Wm. T. Sherman; recording secretary, Col. L. M. Dayton; treasurer, Gen. M. F. Force; corresponding secretary, Gen. A. Hickenlooper; vice presidents, Captain James A. Sexton, Lieutenant A. H. Mattox, Lieutenant Theodore Letton, Col. Wm. Vogelsang, Capt. W. D. Andreas, Col. W. J. Landrum, Lieut. C. T. Mattison, Col. Edward Jones, Capt. F. H. Magdeburg, Capt. Lewis Lambert and Col. C. C. Kellogg.

A resolution offered by Gen. Green B. Raum asking favorable consideration by congress of liberal pension laws, was adopted. The society then adjourned.

Over 300 persons sat down at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee at the Burnet house on the night of the 27th. There was nearly an hour's delay in beginning the banquet, owing to the tardiness of the florist in making arrangements. Gen. Sherman, however, cut the feasting a little short in order to begin the speech making.

It was a quarter before 11, central time, when the president, Gen. Sherman, rapped for order and called for toasts. Before this, however, it is proper to mention that perhaps one-fourth of the guests at the banquet were ladies, the wives, daughters or sisters of the members of the army of the Tennessee.

The president, Gen. Sherman, sat at the center of a table at right angles to the tables at which the multitude feasted. On his right sat Gen. Howard, and on his left Gen. Dodge. Among others at this table were Gen. J. D. Cox, Gen. Force, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Gen. McArthur and Gen. Hickenlooper.

The first toast, the campaign for Atlanta, was responded to by Gen. Sherman, in which he was brief, and in which he related only already known facts of the history of that memorable event. Next came a poem by Capt. S. H. M. Byers, which produced a marked sensation.

The third toast, "We stormed the wild hills of Resaca. God bless those that fell on that day," was responded to by Gen. Jacob D. Cox. The whole plan of the programme of toasts was to follow out the events as they occurred on the famous Atlanta campaign.

To the toast for "Dallas," Major A. M. Vandyke responded, and to "Kenesaw," the fourth toast, Col. G. D. Munson made the response. Then came the fifth toast, "The crossing of the Chattahoochee," to which Rev. David H. Moore, the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, responded.

"The Battle of Atlanta," the sixth toast, was assigned to Gen. G. M. Dodge, and he responded to it very acceptably to the banquetters.

"Atlanta is Ours and Fairly Won," the seventh toast, and the last, was taken up by Gen. Howard and treated very happily.

Those present at the banquet were good listeners from first to last. The idea of fighting over again the Atlanta campaign in the arrangement of the toast was novel, attractive, and in every way successful. The list of toasts was printed on an illuminating map of Georgia, drawn on silk and embellished by hand painting. Each toast was printed near the name of the town or place to which it referred.

It was 2 o'clock this morning when the members of the Army of the Tennessee reluctantly left the dining hall of the Burnett house at the close of the most enjoyable meeting ever held by the society. Gen. Howard, who was the life of the regular speaker, had roused them to a high pitch of enthusiasm by his peroration. He spoke to the toast "Atlanta is ours and fairly won," and in closing said: "The cry 'Atlanta is ours' made us see with brighter visions our sweet homes and we looked with lively hopes for a speedy return.

"And all the forces of the inspiring sentiment rings in the ears of the surviving veterans of to-day. So they say to our governors, our guardians: Atlanta is ours; do not let it again be lost to us, lost to the country, lost to liberty. To burn there a pure, noble, one-armed comrade in effigy is not a good deed, not a good sign.

"It does not lessen the lawless offense that he is an officer of the United States simply doing his duty. The lion of possession and power only sleepeth. It is as easy to protect a United States postmaster in Georgia as it is to protect a venerable United States judge in California. [Tumultuous applause.] But I am sanguine and optimistic.

"As our leader suggested last night, there is too much honor among the true men of those who fought against us to allow prejudice, passion and murder to become the ruling motive and power. The gray and the blue are shaking hands at Chattanooga.

"Let them join forces, if need be, and see to it that every citizen is fully protected in the rights and privileges which a nation has extended to him. United in honor as in law, we will indeed be a strong people, whom a just God will greatly bless." [Applause.]

The veterans this morning are bidding each other good-by and returning to their homes to meet next year in Chicago.

A material change was made in the fee for new members. The fee requiring the payment of back dues since 1869, was rescinded, and the membership fee for admission is now ten dollars alike to all.

Angry Sailors Who Want to Combat Uncle Sam's Officers.

Word from British Columbia says that the United States cutter Rush, which has gained such notoriety this season in connection with the seizure of Canadian sealers in Behring Sea, will shortly leave Sitka for the south, calling on her way down at Victoria.

It is feared that owing to the indignation which exists against the officers and the crew of the cutter among the crews of the seized vessels and their friends over the confiscation of their summer's work, serious trouble may arise, as the men are determined, they say, to avenge their wrongs in this way if the British government is going to deny them protection.

It is said that it will give the local authorities all they can do to prevent a conflict. The military force stationed at Victoria is to be held in readiness to quell any disturbance.

Recent Fires.

At Cape May, N. J., Sept. 25, the new Columbia Hotel, $75,000; in Crisco, Iowa, Sept. 27, 22 business places, $60,000; in Pittsburg, building of Westinghouse Electric company, $100,000; in Kansas City, Mo., syrup refinery of G. S. Bliss & Co., $50,000; at Butte, Mont., Sept. 29, two business blocks, $200,000.

THE NEW STATES.

A Large Vote Being Polled—Much Interest Shown.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 1.—In the clear crispness of an October day the electors of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington are casting their first votes for state officers and Congressmen. A full vote was assured when the sun sat last night on the closing of as warm a campaign as any state ever had, and the reports thus far received indicate the active interest of the people in the birth of the new states.

Although there have been charges and counter-charges of fraud preliminary to the election, all reports thus far received, are to the effect that statehood is being quietly accomplished. The close fight for the offices in Montana, and the bitter capital fight in South Dakota developed most of this talk of fraud, but it has not yet materialized at the polls.

As yet there seems no reason to change the predictions made heretofore in these dispatches that the Republicans will carry North and South Dakota and have the apparent advantage in Washington, while Montana seems inclined somewhat favorably to the Democracy.

Further than this it will not be possible to make a certain statement as to the result until the votes have been counted.

Changes in district lines, the arrival of new citizens since the last territorial election, and the consequent lack of data on which to base predictions makes the prophet business a losing one. Still, the last vote for delegate and the canvass by the two parties indicate the result above stated.

Washington's capital fight will be probably not settled until a later election, a majority vote being required, but each of the South Dakota capital competitors is confident of winning, although the contest seems to have narrowed down to Pierre and Huron, with Sioux Falls and Mitchell not far behind.

ENGLISH MONEY.

Lawyer Mayer Discusses the Situation at Length.

Mr. Levy Mayer, of Chicago, on whose authority the statement was made public that an English syndicate had purchased large milling and elevator properties in the Northwest, to the extent of $50,000,000, was, on Sept. 30, shown the dispatch from Minneapolis, in which Mr. C. A. Pillsbury is quoted as making certain statements regarding the sale of his mills. Mr. Mayer was asked for a statement of the exact facts, and answered as follows:

"My information is that the original contracts for the sale of the Pillsbury and the Washburn mills expired on August 1, last, and were renewed for a period of 60 to 90 days. Governor Pillsbury was in London during August, while I was there, for the purpose, it is said, of aiding in the consummation of the sale.

"It is also that ex-Gov. Washburn was also there. The contracts for the sale of these mills expire in a few days. The indications, I am led to believe, point to the sale going through, but, of course, until sales of that magnitude are accomplished, no positive statement can be made."

Mr. Mayer was then further asked regarding that part of the dispatch referring to the Van Dusen grain storage systems. Picking up the dispatch Mr. Mayer read as follows: "Charles M. Harrington, local manager of the Van Dusen and Star elevator systems, denied that there was any truth in the report of the sale of those systems."

Commenting on this statement Mr. Mayer said: "Mr. Harrington is a very nice gentleman. I strongly suspect that the Minneapolis reporter did not interview the genuine Harrington. If he had, and Mr. Harrington had spoken at all, he would have said that a contract for the sale of the Van Dusen and Star systems had been made; that, in fact, Mr. Harrington, as secretary of one of these companies, had attached his signature to that contract; that the contract had been delivered to me, and that a portion of the purchase price had already been paid into one of the Chicago banks."

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The Twenty-Fourth Triennial Conclave in Washington.

The 24th triennial conclave of the Knights Templar of the jurisdiction of the United States will begin in Washington on on Oct. 7. The whole week will be a round of festivity. The grand encampment will hold sessions each day, at which business of special interest to members of the fraternity will be transacted.

In the parade it is estimated that there will be 22,000 men in line, or more Knights Templar than have ever heretofore marched in procession on one occasion, and exceeding by 12,000 the number in line at the last triennial conclave in St. Louis. The commanderies come from all parts of the United States, and every state and territory will be represented either by its grand commandery or by subordinate commanderies. Although not in the jurisdiction, several Canadian preceptories (as subordinate bodies are denominated in Canada) will be in line. Fully 250 cities will have separate bodies in line.

The states having the largest representation will be Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which comprise one jurisdiction; New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, there being no less than 27 subordinate commanderies from Ohio alone, 29 from Illinois and 28 from Pennsylvania.

The parade will be reviewed by President Harrison, who will occupy a stand erected in front of the White House. Another stand will be erected for the grand master of the encampment, Charles Roome, of New York, who will also review the knights.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Meeting of the General Executive Board in St. Louis.

The general executive board of the Knights of Labor, which met at St. Louis on Sept. 30, will have many interesting features to look after that have not yet been publicly noted.

Outside of the special interests which brought the present meeting to St. Louis, there are several matters of interest to the Knights of Labor at Pittsburg, and local assembly No. 1653 from Pittsburg will present an application for a charter to take in all glass house packers not covered by local assembly No. 300, the American Flint and the Green Bottle Blowers' assemblies.

The slaters, marble and tile workers' union and musicians, union troubles at Pittsburg will also be considered. All complaints, not only from St. Louis and the southwest, but from all parts of the country, will be fully investigated. An effort will be made to straighten out all the many present entanglements of the order.

Charged With Polygamy.

Hans Jesperson was brought before United States Commissioner Hills, at Provo, Utah, Thursday, charged with polygamy, and held in $5,000 bail, and the second wife in $1,000. The latter related under oath how she was converted to Mormonism in Virginia, and came to Utah last November, and gave the details of her marriage to Jesperson in the Mormon temple at Manti five months ago.

She told how she subsequently came to Salt Lake City, where she went through the Endowment house, where all polygamous marriages and other secret rites of the church are solemnized. She could not tell who performed the ceremony, as whoever it was remained behind a curtain. No marriage license was procured, as the Tucker-Edmunds law provides.

The case is important, owing to the fact that for several years past it has been next to impossible to secure conviction in one of these cases. Had the plural wife not testified freely her husband would have escaped the five years' penalty which now stares him in the face.

To Attend the Medicine Dance.

Indians from all the Northwest are congregating on Bad river reservation, at Odanah, about twenty miles from Ashland, Wisconsin, to attend the annual medicine dance, which is held in different places every year. Braves from White Earth, Fond du Lac and other reservations in Minnesota; from Buffalo, Bay la Court, O'Reille and Flambeau, in Wisconsin, and from Bois Fort and Grand Portage, on the north shore of Lake Superior, are coming. There are over 500 redskins on the Odanah reservation at present and more are constantly arriving. The pow-wow will continue several days.

UTAH COMMISSION.

The Report Received by Secretary Noble—Of What It Treats.

The report of the Utah commission has been presented to Secretary Noble. On the question of polygamy the report is lengthy, but says in substance:

"Polygamy is not, at the present time, openly practiced, except perhaps in a few remote and out-of-the-way places, but the non-Mormon element insists that plural marriages are solemnized clandestinely, and practiced secretly in the larger centers, and throughout the territory. This may or may not be true. The commission neither affirms nor denies in the absence of positive evidence. Doubtless many members of the Mormon church never have practiced, and never intend to practice polygamy, and perhaps many of them per se do not believe in the practice, but from the standpoint of their faith and creed they accept it as a revelation from God through the prophet, seer and revelator, Joseph Smith, sanctified and approved by their great president, Brigham Young, and that whoever desires to do so should have the right to comply with this ordinance of the church."

All laws forbidding the practice of polygamy, the report continues, the Mormons pronounce unconstitutional. There are grounds for belief, it is stated, that polygamy is still taught by the church as a saving ordinance, and that those who practice it are assured of a higher exaltation in heaven than those who content themselves with one.

Extracts are given from Mormon papers showing that they still openly advocate polygamy. "That the teachings and practice of polygamy have not been discontinued, as it is claimed by some, is proven, by the fact that since September 1, 1888, there have been in the territory of Utah 3,007 convictions for bigamy, adultery, fornication and unlawful cohabitation; only two for bigamy. If plural marriages are now celebrated it is done in the secret chambers of the temple—if polygamy is practiced, it is with the secrecy with which the burglar guards his house breaking and the thief his larcenies."

Those who are convicted of polygamy regard themselves, and are so regarded by their friends, as martyrs, and think it no disgrace to go to the penitentiary. The courts are commended for their vigilance, and also for the mercy with which its mandates are tempered.

Keep Utah Out.

The commission, in view of the present condition of the territory as regards polygamy, thinks that Utah should not be admitted as a state. Should it be, the commission says, "It would not be long before the Gentile element, with its advanced civilization, its trade and its traffic, would be driven from the territory and the Mormon theocracy be made supreme."

The commission makes a number of recommendations, among them that jurisdiction of all polygamous and sexual offenses, without regard to the place committed within the territory, be conferred on district courts; that the term of imprisonment for unlawful cohabitation be extended to at least two years for the first and three years for the second; that it be made a penal offense for women to enter into the married relation with any man, knowing him to have a wife living, undivorced, coupled, however, with the provision that in cases where a polygamous wife is called as a witness against the husband, her testimony should not be used in any future prosecution against her, and a like provision as to the husband; that no person who refuses to take an oath that he or she is not cohabiting with more than one husband or wife in the marriage relation, as the case may be, shall be excluded from making a location and settlement upon the public lands; that the laws will prevent the immigration of Chinese and the importation of contract laborers, paupers and criminals be so amended as to prevent the immigration of persons claiming that their religion justifies the crime of polygamy; that the constitution should be amended so as to forever prohibit polygamy; that a law be enacted creating a board to consist of the governor, Utah commissioners and the chief justice of the territory to apportion Salt Lake City into aldermanic and councilmanic districts.

It also recommends that the commission be authorized in its discretion to cause to be made annually a new registration, instead of revisions of former lists; that congress pass laws for the government and conduct of the public schools in the territory of Utah; that as soon as the result of the eleventh census is known the territory be redistricted for legislative purposes.

The commission believes that the limitation on prosecutions for polygamy and bigamy should be extended and sentence to hard labor should be added, "that their confinement may not be spent in idleness and glorification of their supposed martyrdom."

The commission has no doubt that punishment of the woman for voluntarily entering into the polygamous relation would do much to lessen her zeal for the peculiar institution and thus tend to remove one of the strongest bulwarks. In regard to prohibitation of immigrants, the report says: "Any measure looking to the migration of the non-proselyting, peace-loving, docile Chinaman because we fear a future danger from his coming; while we forbid the landing on our shores of contract laborers because